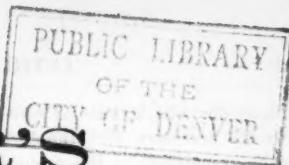


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ENVIRONS OF MELBOURNE.

AUSTRALIA.

FAR away to the Antipodes lies an immense island, which well deserves the name of Continent, since its area is as great, or greater than that of the whole of Europe. It is a strange land—a kind of marvel land, descriptions of which read like a fable or a dream. A writer, speaking of the characteristics of the country, says: "Flowers fascinating to the eye have no smell, but uncouth-looking shrubs and bushes often fill the air with their delicate aroma; crows look like magpies, and dogs like jackalls; four-footed animals hop about on two feet; rivers seem to turn their backs on the sea, and run inland; swans are black and eagles white; some of the parrots have webbed feet, and birds laugh and chatter like human beings, while never a song, or even a chirrup, can be heard from their nests and perches." Here, too, ferns grow as trees, and there are many other marvels in the vegetable kingdom.

Geology reveals to us the conditions of the world

VOL. XLVI.—9.

in the various periods of its existence. We find in the fossil remains of the globe, the records of the flora and fauna of many long-past geologic ages; and by a careful consideration, we can arrive at a tolerably accurate idea of the condition of the world at any given age. But here, in Australia, is saved all this laborious study. The geologist finds himself upon the remnants of an ancient Jurassic continent, and discovers around him the aspects of nature, the animals, the reptiles, the birds, the trees and flowers, of the Jurassic and the eocene periods.

The records of the rocks show us that marsupials, of which the kangaroo is the most prominent representative, were the first mammals. In Australia, marsupials abound in an almost incredible variety. The ornithorhynchus, or duck-billed platypus, a creature which seems to represent the connecting link between the reptile and the bird, and which dates its first existence back to the remote geologic period to which we have referred, is still an inhabitant of Australia.

The human race indigenous to the island is quite

(121)

in harmony with its natural surroundings. It seems scarcely necessary for ethnologists to puzzle their brains speculating on the probable characteristics of primitive man. Here, in the Tasmanian, he can be found in all his undoubted primitiveness. The Tasmanians, or aboriginal inhabitants of Australia, are a race below the negro in intelligence, and in many respects scarcely above the level of brutes. They go nearly or quite nude—a single rat-skin being considered an ample garment; they live in the rudest huts, so small and low that they must grovel to the

seem to approach nearer to our preconceived ideas of the "connecting link," than any other race on the globe. They are perfectly black, with straight hair, and intensely ugly countenances.

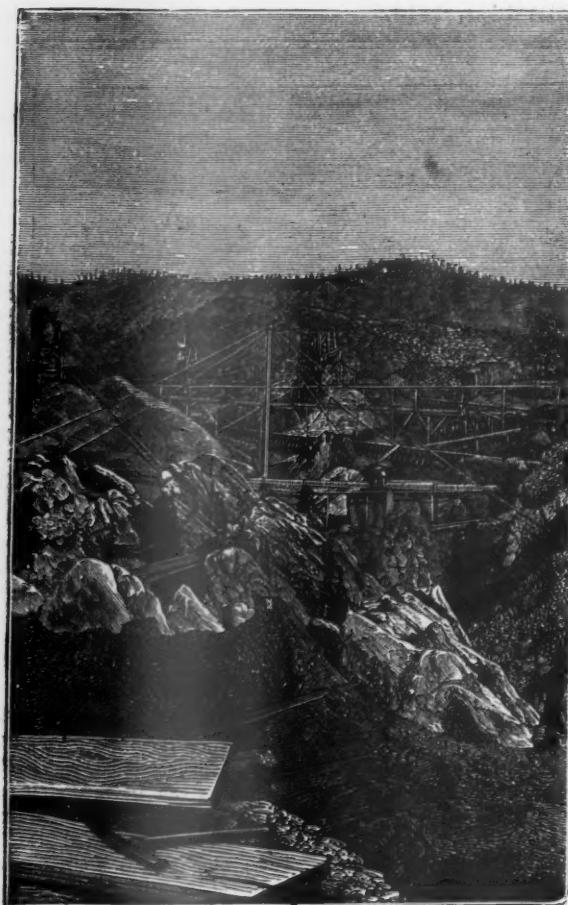
They also recognize a rude form of marriage, though, perhaps, it is scarcely more than knocking the destined bride senseless with a club, and dragging her to the home of her future husband.

Those faint glimmerings of a sense of duty to authority, and of a future life, are perhaps the strongest marked features which separate them from, and raise them above the brutes below them. Speech seems to give them no superiority; for, in this strange land birds can chatter quite as well as men; and the question might not unreasonably occur to the scientist, whether man first learned the possibility of articulate speech from the parrots, or whether they learned to imitate him.

Oldest, in the geological sense, of all the portions of the earth; with the exception, perhaps, of New Zealand, Australia is yet the youngest in civilization. A hundred years ago it was almost unknown ground to the geographer—a vast waste to be set down upon charts, and that was all. The birth of our own country as an independent nation, was the occurrence which first imparted a feeble life to the region. And yet the beginnings of its civilization were far from promising. When the American Colonies of Great Britain asserted their independence, that nation could no longer ship her felons and scapergaces to these shores. And then it occurred to her that her distant and hitherto unvalued possession might be of use for this purpose. In May, 1787, a squadron of eleven vessels carried the first colonists to Botany Bay. Eight hundred and fifty of these were convicts.

The convict system of England has its dark side. Terrible injustices have been perpetrated upon those who were under the ban of the law; and, no doubt, cruelty and oppression have been systematized to a certain extent in these penal settlements. Yet, it has also its advantages, and some of its arrangements have proved most beneficial, not only to the criminal himself, but to society at large.

ground to enter them, and containing no conveniences of furniture whatever—dwellings which are put to shame, both in comfort and beauty, by the nests of some of the birds of the country. They seem almost incapable of civilization. They were, before the introduction of Europeans among them, cannibal in their habits. Yet they have a rude form of government, recognizing a chief, or head; and have even the crude beginnings of religious conceptions, manifesting themselves, as these beginnings always do, in gross superstitions. In outward appearance they



A GOLD-MINE.

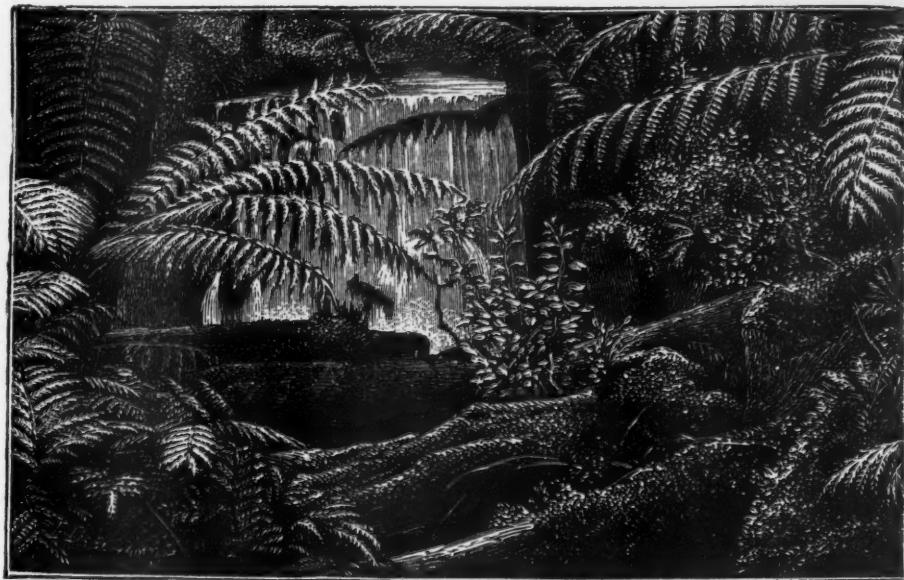
Sydney, the great centre of the penal settlement, has, to-day, four hundred thousand inhabitants, with numerous churches, theatres and libraries, its university, college and national schools. It is a wealthy and aristocratic town; yet, strange as it may appear to us, some of its most influential and benevolent citizens are ticket-of-leave men. A ticket-of-leave man is a convict, who, having served out a portion of his time, and having conducted himself in a manner to meet the approval of those in authority, is allowed his liberty and the privilege of beginning life anew.

These men are constantly watched by those in power, and if they do not conduct themselves in a circumspect manner, they are liable to be remanded back to their former positions, to serve out their complete

among its best citizens, which speaks much for the inherent goodness of mankind. Many of them have been transported for a single offense, and are glad of an opportunity to show their thorough repentance



AUSTRALIAN FOREST.



FERN TREES NEAR HOBART TOWN.

terms. In this case they are treated with unusual severity, and frequently do not survive to the end of their term.

The ticket-of-leave men are a very large class in Sydney and its vicinity, and may really be counted

and determination to do better in the future; while even the less scrupulous among them are deterred from wrong-doing by the terrible penalty hanging over them. Numbers acquire property, and some become immensely rich, while their benevolence, energy

and commercial enterprise are wide-spread in their effects; and to them is due much of the real prosperity of the colony.

There is another distinctive class of people in the neighborhood of the penal settlements which is not found anywhere else in the world. This class is composed of the "bushrangers," or escaped convicts, who have taken refuge in the wilds of the interior, and who prowl through the country—a species of banditti more terrible than any we know in Europe, because more desperate. They are outlaws in every sense of the word, and will not suffer themselves to be taken alive, preferring death to the severities which await them in renewed captivity.

The first theatre was opened in Sydney in 1796, eight years after the establishment of the colony.

since which period emigration has poured in upon them at an almost unexampled rate, and the tide of prosperity has risen to the flood. The immediate cause of this sudden accession of inhabitants has been the discovery of the rich gold-fields of the interior of the country. The discovery of these gold-fields was almost accidental. An experienced California miner, who had turned stock-raiser in this distant land, while seeking for a new pasture for his sheep, noticed with his practiced eye that the geologic formation of the country was the same as that of the mining regions of California. He felt confident that gold could be found, and his search was rewarded by the discovery of what are probably the richest gold-fields in the world. Those who attended the Centennial Exhibition had an opportunity to see for them-



HOBART TOWN.

The actors were all convicts, who, in consequence of their good behavior, had obtained permission to indulge in this species of amusement. On the first night of the performance, a prologue was read, which had been written by a pickpocket, and which began as follows:

"From distant climes, o'er wide-spread seas we come,
Though not with much eclat or beat of drum,
True patriots all; for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good.
No private views disgraced our generous zeal;
What urged our travels was our country's weal;
And none will doubt but that our emigration
Has proved most useful to the British nation."

The colonies of Australia were little more than penal settlements for three-quarters of a century,

selvers fac-similes of some of the nuggets which have been discovered in these fields.

Gold was found early in June, 1851, and in less than a month twenty thousand miners were upon the spot; and at the end of a year, one hundred and fifty thousand had been attracted thither from every quarter of the world. The whole face of the country was changed in this eager search for gold. Immense forests were demolished, the courses of streams altered, fertile lands laid waste, hills undermined, and the entire landscape scarred and marred by the tools and machinery of the miners.

Ballerat, the centre of one of the chief mining districts, was first only an immense mining camp. But it has gradually become a veritable city, handsome buildings taking the place of the tents of the miners.

It now has a population of thirty thousand, and possesses all the beauties and advantages of ordinary cities.

There are more than two thousand mining districts in Australia. Nor is gold the only valuable mineral product. Immense quantities of mercury are annually shipped to England, while the iron ore of the island is exceedingly rich in its yield of iron.

The city of Sydney, to which I have already referred, is built upon a five-fingered promontory jutting out into a beautiful lake. Port Jackson, its harbor, is fifteen miles long, and capable of sheltering all the navies in the world. In it are found the shipping of every nation. It is the genuine aristocratic town of the colonies, in spite of its somewhat dubious origin.

Melbourne is the commercial metropolis of Australia, and bears a strong resemblance in many respects to European cities, though various strange nationalities find their quarters within its borders. Prominent among its public buildings is its library, which, ten years after its establishment, numbered forty-one thousand volumes. The library building is a magnificent structure, and would do credit to any city.

Hobart Town is the capital of Tasmania, and is described as "a quiet, hospitable little town, but a very hot-bed of aristocracy—the single spot on the Australian continent where English exclusiveness can, after the gay seasons of the large cities, retire to aristocratic country-seats, to nurse and revivify its pride of birth, without fear of coming in contact with anything *parvenu* or plebian."

The scenery of Australia is in some places bleak and barren and devoid of interest; in others it is surpassingly beautiful or magnificently grand. If one realizes the large area of country which Australia embraces, it will easily be comprehended that every variety of scenery may be discovered. Its coast is girt with coral islands and coral reefs, which in many instances render navigation both difficult and dangerous. A barrier reef of coral formation, a thousand miles in length, and with a varying breadth of from two hundred yards to a mile, skirts the north-eastern coast of Australia. Between this and the mainland there is a sheltered channel twenty-five or thirty miles wide, and even wider, which is for the most part safe; though in some places there are coral reefs lying just beneath the surface, which render navigation difficult.

Mrs. E. B. DUFFEY.

"HOME is the head of the river," and an influence, whether blessed or pernicious, exerted there, will affect all its after course. Hence, the noble Frenchwoman was right, when, in reply to the monarch's question, "What is needed to secure the prosperity of France?" she said, "Good mothers."

THERE would be less sickness in the winter months if care were taken that the feet were well shod and the legs and lower parts of the body warmly and comfortably clad.

AUNT ABIGAIL'S GOOD WORK.

"YOU are all well again, and I must be going," said Aunt Abbie, in her short, crisp way, folding up the garment she had just completed, and taking off her spectacles, as if she were going to start the next minute.

Such a chorus of remonstrances as this remark called forth. We had been expecting it for several days; but, for all of that, we were disappointed.

Six weeks before Aunt Abbie came to us like an angel of light. We were a stricken household. Rose, Tom and Harry all down with scarlet fever, and the rest of us half-sick with colds and worn out with nursing.

How she had heard of our trouble, no one knew; but she came, and worked and watched with us as only dear Aunt Abbie could do. No wonder we were loath to lose her, even though the danger was past, and our dear ones gaining every day.

"You ought to stay and rest, now," said we all.

"Well, perhaps I might, if I did not feel called to go where there is work to do," she answered, with her bright smile, that made the plain, old face beautiful.

We could not urge her any more, for we knew that no power on earth could keep her, if she thought it her duty to go.

Aunt Abigail Strong was my father's aunt, although not many years older than him. She had never married, and was one of those independent, fearless women who dared to think and act according to her own conscience. It seemed to me, in my youthful ignorance, that in spite of her busy, helpful life, there must be times when she would be very sorrowful and lonely. But no one ever saw her when she was anything but the cheerful, self-sacrificing Aunt Abbie we had all known and loved from our cradle up. That evening she said to mother: "I met my nephew, John Dayton, on the street the other day. He only lives fifteen miles from here. I have never seen his wife since the day they were married, five years ago. I remember her as a pretty, delicate little woman, well calculated, I thought, to make John happy; but it seems that everything has gone wrong instead of right. I think John feels as if he had made a mistake. A shadow fell over his face when I spoke of his home. There are two babies, and his wife is sick a great deal." Then Aunt Abbie was silent a moment, and her voice quivered a little, as she continued: "Mary, I cannot get that little woman out of my head. My heart aches for her. John means well; he is a fine, handsome fellow, but he is thoughtless. You know I would cut off my right hand sooner than make trouble between husband and wife; but I am going out there to-morrow."

"Of course you are," said mother, who had felt sure of it from the first.

So the little black trunk was packed that night, and Aunt Abbie started on her mission.

A telegram brought John Dayton to the depot to meet his aunt. He did not express any surprise at

the unexpected visit, because he knew her well enough to know that was her way.

He only said, as he conducted her to his home: "I am afraid you will not have a pleasant visit, aunt. In fact, I have not got a pleasant home, and stay in it as little as possible."

This was said in a hard, bitter tone, the frown on his handsome eyebrows deepening.

"Do you try to make it pleasant, John?" said she, softly, looking at him with her clear, penetrating gaze.

They had reached the door by this time, and there was no opportunity for a reply.

John Dayton's thought was, "Of course I tried at first; but it is not a man's place to be attending to home duties. Wait till she sees how things go."

As they entered the hall, the first thing they heard was the shrill screaming of an infant.

"Is the baby sick?" anxiously inquired Aunt Abbie.

"Oh, no; that is the way he has cried ever since he was born. Pure cussedness, I call it; he is fat and hearty."

And with this feeling remark concerning his offspring, John opened the door into the sitting-room. The baby stopped crying at the unexpected entrance, and the mother rose to receive her guest, little Gracie clinging to her skirts.

"Poor little woman!" thought Aunt Abbie, as she looked upon the faded, slatternly woman, who bore not the slightest resemblance to the pretty bride of five years ago.

John looked around the room, that was in great disorder, and frowned again. His wife crimsoned and quailed beneath the look as if it were a blow, and said in a low tone: "I tried to clean it up; but Gracie burnt her finger, and the baby has cried so hard."

"Of course," he said shortly, and, excusing himself to his aunt, went back to the store.

"She is afraid of him," thought Aunt Abbie, as she tossed the baby, and pretended not to see anything. "I should like to see the man who would make me look like that." Then she thought, "Poor John! I am glad I came."

In five minutes, Mary Dayton felt as if she had known Aunt Abbie for years—felt the tender sympathy that filled the kindly heart for her, and longed to throw her arms around her and tell her all her little trials that seemed to be wearing away her life. She did not need to tell her.

"I know all about it," said Aunt Abbie, as she apologized for her disorderly house. "You are worn out with the care of these two children, and feel discouraged. You must take a little rest now, and let me take care of them. I never saw a baby yet that I could not amuse."

"Rest! I have not known the meaning of the word since Gracie was born. She was always one of the wakeful, crying babies, and when she got old enough to sleep, the baby came, and he is worse, if anything. I have not had a good night's rest in

three years. No wonder I am growing faded and fretful. Sometimes I feel as if I would give anything to get away from it all—to crawl off somewhere where no one would find me, and rest my worn-out nerves. John is good, but he don't realize—how can he?—how I feel. He says his mother raised eight children, did her own work and cooked for farm hands. Then I feel so miserable and worthless, I am ashamed to complain."

There was such a pitiful quiver in her voice, and such a despairing look in the dark, tear-filled eyes, that Aunt Abbie's voice was not quite steady when she answered her in a few comforting, quiet words. She used her tongue very little the first few days of her stay in John Dayton's house; but her eyes and her hands were busy. The children were her especial care, for she rightly guessed that the mother needed more help in this than anything else. She said: "Children get tired of one person; they need a change. And, above all, they need to be cared for by a woman of steady, quiet nerves. The nervous, worn-out mother wonders why her children are so fretful, when it is only because her influence over them renders them nervous and excited."

Such a mother can realize what a blessing Aunt Abigail proved to Mary Dayton.

There was the fall housecleaning, winter sewing, and the endless needful things to be done by one pair of weak hands. No wonder her heart ached. She had a little maid-of-all-work, who could not be trusted to get a meal or be left alone with the children; and that was all.

"You should have a strong, competent girl," said Aunt Abbie.

"John thinks he cannot afford it."

"How much do John's cigars cost him a week?"

"O aunt, you must not blame John!" said Mary, quickly, wife-like, trying to hide the faults she so plainly saw herself.

"Of course not," said the spinster, dryly; and although John got no lectures on the subject, there were many ways in which a quick-witted woman could make him see the truth, and he winced more than once under her quiet remarks.

A strong woman came to help clean house, and Aunt Abbie took the children and the sewing machine up into her room.

At the end of a week the baby appeared one day before his astonished father in short clothes, and Grace in a comfortable, thick dress. Each had plenty of changes for once in their lives. Then the mother's wardrobe was renovated; and as she had more time and a happier heart, she took pains to dress her hair becomingly.

Let them talk who will about a woman always being becomingly arrayed in the morning. Try it yourself, with a nervous husband pacing the floor waiting for his breakfast, baby crying to be fed and an incompetent girl in the kitchen, and see if you will not twist your hair into knot the quickest way possible, and slip into the dress that is the easiest arranged, without regard for becomingness. Add to

this the tired feeling one has after having walked the floor half the night with a crying baby, and then don't blame the women who grow careless in their dress.

Aunt Abbie had many useful hints to give regarding this and many other things. She made two neat dark calicos for Mary—tight-fitting, with neat little collars, and then basted white ruffles in the neck—all ready for wear.

"Thus, a dress is all ready," she said; "and being made in one piece, the princess shape, with pretty draping at the back, is quickly arranged."

She regulated the sitting-room every night, before going to bed; all playthings and books put away, and every chair in its place. It saves so much time in the morning. There is something so cheerless in a disordered room, with the morning-sun shining in. At night, when the gas is bright, and the family gathered around the table, one does not notice these things.

John began to spend more of his evenings at home. At first, it was out of politeness to his guest; but he soon found it very pleasant on many accounts. Being a guest, he took pains to talk to her, and she gradually gave up the conversation to Mary, who had been out calling, and met their old friends, had read the latest magazine, and had some new ideas, besides the children and house-work. He hardly knew his wife, she was so bright and sparkling.

A little sympathy and rest, a strong, steady hand to lead her tired feet into a smoother path, and she was a different woman. Life looked brighter, and worth striving for. She had never told even Aunt Abbie how near she had come, in the old, dark days, to ending it all, when John had given her a harsh word. The little, clinging arms around her neck had saved her, and Aunt Abbie did the rest.

There are some women who cannot appreciate poor Mary Dayton's feelings. Women of strong nerves, whose children sleep well nights and are good-natured through the day. But I know of some who will know all the dark thoughts that beset the poor soul before help came.

It would take too long to tell you of all the good Aunt Abbie accomplished. She was a model house-keeper herself, and had many pet recipes stored away in her head, that she gladly taught to the young housekeeper. She remembered John's favorite dishes when he was a boy—and showed Mary how to prepare them. She praised the painstaking wife to her husband, and lost no opportunity to show him how he might lighten the labors of the faithful little woman. At last she felt as if they needed her no longer, and yet she had not accomplished all she wished. The tired look came yet in Mary's eyes at times. She remembered what she said the first day, "I sometimes feel as if I would give anything to get away from it all."

That was just it. She must go away without the children, and have a perfect rest.

The idea seemed impossible to Mary when it was first proposed, but it seemed so easy to Aunt Abbie,

that she was soon persuaded into it. She went home for three weeks. Back among all her young friends, who were lively and entertaining; and, above all, back to mother, to be petted and waited upon as only mothers can do.

I am afraid Aunt Abbie was more of a hypocrite in those three weeks than she ever was in her life before. She let the house look forlorn and dismal, and trusted the little maid to get the meals, which, of course, proved to be failures. She complained of the babies keeping her awake nights, and wondered how Mary ever endured it. In fact, she made John Dayton believe his wife was an angel of patience and endurance. He missed her in every room, and longed for her return. He wondered that those delicate hands had ever performed so much labor, when strong, active Aunt Abbie groaned under it, and failed to succeed. The end of it all was the engagement of a strong, capable girl, who was under Aunt Abbie's training for a week, and a letter to the absent wife to come home, for life was unbearable without her.

She came, of course. What wife could resist such an appeal? And when the spinster saw her seated in her low chair, with both babies in her lap, her face bright with health and happiness, saw John looking at her with admiring eyes, she went up-stairs and packed her trunk.

IDA ROWLAND.

BABY BERTIE.

HAVE you seen little Bertie, our baby-boy?
I'll describe him, and then you will know:

His eyes are blue as the skies above,

Or the violets down below.

And his mouth—I'll not say rose-bud,

For that is so common, you see;

And never a damask, half-way blown,

Was half so pretty to me.

I cannot tell how charming he seems,
When he temptingly offers his lips;
Or how cunning he looks, as he laughingly throws
A kiss from his finger-tips;

He's very fair, and his baby-air

Is sweeter than I can tell,

As he waves his tiny, dimpled hand

In token of farewell.

Now, say, have you seen our baby-boy,
Our blue-eyed darling one?

Don't think I have given a list of his charms;

Indeed, I have scarce begun.

But I've told enough to let you know,

If you should chance to meet

The prettiest, dearest baby of all,

The sweetest of all the sweet.

S. JENNIE JONES.

EVERY one thinks his party has the kernel and others only the shell. Whereas, they are all apt to let the kernel alone and dispute about the shell, as if that were the kernel.

THE WORD OF A WOMAN;
AND THE WAY SHE KEPT IT.*

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was one of the loveliest May mornings in which robins ever sang, in which young leaves ever quivered through all their fresh green to the soft caresses of the south wind, and over which blue, joyous skies ever shone. The bright, clear air was full of the sweetness of opening tree-blooms. It seemed as though the world had just been created; and finished and perfect, as God's hand had left it, was listening to the welcoming-song of the morning stars, as it wheeled into its place among them and joined in the immortal peon.

All this, and a great deal more, Genevieve Weir thought to herself, as she came down the cottage-walk, bordered with pink and purple hyacinths and golden crocuses, and passed out of the little brown gate into the road. Here she stood still a moment in doubt which way to go. Into the stillness came two sounds, each soft and murmurous, yet each quite distinct from the other. On her left the low, rustling voices, like a tune that half loses itself in dreams, was the wind among the pines; on her right the low, sweet, solemn sound, full of ineffable joy, of strength and peace, was the voice of the sea.

Each of these sounds drew the soul of the girl at that moment. The old pine-grove was like a temple to her. She loved its shadowy stillness, the sunlight that glimmered on its mossy trunks, the voices of the winds in its dark and mighty bosom. The place gave her always a sense of rest, of a kindly protecting presence around her. At the foot of those grand old pines she had sobbed away many a childish grief, and whispered many a happy story to their crooning winds.

But, at other times the sea had the mightier spell for this girl. When her soul was all alive with joy, and life, and freedom; when she felt bravest and gladdest, then Genevieve Weir loved the vast spaces, the grand horizons, the boundless might and mystery of the sea. It was not strange that magnetism proved the stronger this morning. She kept on the road for a short distance, and then turned into a path which wound through green fields and low meadows in a zigzag fashion, until it reached the shore, half a mile away. And the May morning was in the soul of Genevieve Weir. The brightness, the throbbing life, the joy and beauty seemed a part of herself that hour. The robins sang in the trees their song of the May, but other robins sang sweeter in her soul their songs of youth, and hope, and love.

She looked herself like a very incarnation of the spirit of the morning; there was such a gladness in the lovely brown eyes, such a glow of life, such an air of youth, and beauty, and happiness about her. She wore a new dress of some quiet gray fabric, and

she had wreathed a light scarf about her head. The soft, golden meshes made a halo around her face. She wore this, too, for the first time. One day, in her Cousin Ella's room, and in a playful mood, she had caught up the scarf and wound it around her hair. The young girl, struck with the picturesque effect, had declared the thing made Genevieve look half like a saint in some old painting, and half like a newly-crowned queen, and insisted on her keeping the scarf.

But the Genevieve Weir who went down the blossom-scented road, and turned into the path leading to the sea, while her soul within her was like the May morning for song and gladness, was never to be again. That radiant vision of young, joyous girlhood will no more light these pages. Something happened before that day was over which changed Genevieve Weir forever.

It was now nearly three months since she had left New York. During this time she had not seen Royl Darrow. The day after he returned home, his uncle had business advices which made it necessary that Royl should start for the West within twenty-four hours. The case was so plain, the call so urgent, that again Royl was left without excuse, and had to swallow with what grace he could a second bitter disappointment. He had fully intended to see Genevieve within two days after his return.

The whole of this Western business had proved more involved, and demanded his presence in more places than Royl had imagined when he set out.

But, if Royl returned before matters were adjusted, his uncle, in failing health, and absorbed in affairs at home, must take the young man's place. Even so ardent a lover as Royl Darrow could not propose an alternative which seemed so purely selfish. So he had crushed his eager impatience as best he could, and poured out his heart and soul in his letters to Genevieve. Her courage and sympathy had helped him to bear a disappointment which, to some extent, she shared. But the consciousness of his love, and his frequent letters, had almost sufficed the girl these days. She had, too, the joyful looking forward to his coming. She fed her imagination on blissful dreams of the hour when he should stand in his young, manly strength and beauty before her; and with such a hope to live on, the heart of Genevieve could well afford to wait.

Indeed, these three months had been unusually happy ones to all the inmates of the little cottage at Grayledge, the old town on the Connecticut Sound shore, where the Weirs lived. It was a curious old place. The bulk of its population were fishers and farmers. It drowsed along the shore, and straggled off among the low hills in a long, loose fashion; still it was a strikingly picturesque place, with its bold features of sea and shore, its broken granite ledges that rose at intervals along the coast, and gave a name to the old town, and its varied landscapes of darkly-wooded hills and sunny valleys and sloping meadow-lands.

Into the little cottage, that stood midway between

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the centre of the town and the sea. Genevieve had brought these days something of the life and stir of the great city she had left. Such stories as she had to tell of the varied, crowded days and nights there! Even Aunt Esther's faded cheeks flushed with interest as she listened; and to Rob and Gracie, their sister's stories of the great world beyond Grayledge were fascinating as Hans Anderson, and Arabian Nights, and Faerie Tales.

But Genevieve brought home something more tangible than fine stories as the result of her visit. The Waldos could afford to be generous with their old wardrobes, when they revelled in the near prospect of elegant Parisian toilets. So a trunk of all sorts of cast-off clothes, really as good as new, had been sent off with Genevieve. The careless generosity, which cost the donors nothing, had been a rain of marvelous good fortune to the cottage. There was no end of pretty garments, hardly touched by wear, that could be made over for Gracie's small, lithe figure; and a share fell to Aunt Esther in two or three handsome gowns and breakfast-caps of Mrs. Waldo's; and when she tried these on, the quiet lady blushed like a girl, and the young people stared at her, and wondered whether, after all, Aunt Esther had not once been a beauty.

Some of Jack's old suits, with a few alterations, made his young Cousin Robert Weir feel as though he were dressed like a prince; and these had been supplemented with other gifts of books and toys most likely to delight the heart of a boy of fourteen, and for which Jack had ransacked the old treasures of his childhood, sure that his thoughtfulness for her young brother would gratify Genevieve.

But through all these happy months the girl had kept her secret. She was surprised at her own reticence. There was something curious about it—almost like a fatality, she sometimes thought. She had returned to Grayledge fully intending to confide her engagement to her aunt, and during the first fortnight had been constantly on the watch for an opportunity to speak. But the right moment never came. The two women, though they lived under the same roof, never seemed, for that fortnight, to be alone together long enough for the necessary confidence; or, if they were, Genevieve was not in the mood for that intimate revelation. There had been so many other matters to hear and relate on her return. Old neighbors had called to welcome her home, and Rob and Gracie had seemed ubiquitous. Once or twice, it is true, the story had faltered on Genevieve's lips. She had drawn her chair close to her aunt's, and even got so far as to say in a low-keyed, tremulous voice, "Aunt Esther, I have something to tell you." And then, on the instant, there would be a summons for one of them, and Genevieve would turn away from the serious, questioning eyes with a light, "No matter; another time will do, anntie."

The day after her return home, she had put on the diamond ring, as she had promised Royl; but even this, among so many pleasant surprises, had failed to arouse any special curiosity.

"It was an ancient ring, and there was a story connected with it. They should hear all about that sometime," Genevieve had said in the most matter-of-fact tone. And there was so much else to tell that everybody had been content to wait, after inspecting and admiring the small diamond heirloom which, oddly enough, had found its way to Genevieve's little white finger. No thought of a lover crossed any one's mind. It was taken for granted that the ring, like the other presents, must have been a generous impulse of her aunt or her cousins.

So the first weeks went by, and Genevieve had not spoken, and each day the silence seemed harder to break.

Every letter of Royl's assured her of his speedy return; and at last she resolved to breathe no syllable of her secret until he presented himself at Grayledge. Having once made up her mind on this point, her imagination busied itself with a pretty programme of his first advent. She had a romantic young girl's liking for dramatic effects. How amazed and delighted they would be when Royl should stand among them; when they should first learn what he was to be to her—to them all!

"No," she said to herself, "she would not describe him; she would not so much as name him. He should come among them first, a glorious surprise, her brown-haired Viking, her splendid Apollo, her prince of the morning and of men!"

For Royl Darrow was to this little, bewitched Genevieve Weir what Hector was to Andromeda—what Hamlet was to Ophelia—what all brave and noble lovers have been to the souls of fair, true women since the first pair walked together in the star-lights of Eden.

Everything had conspired to make her silence easy for Genevieve. She had always been in the habit of carrying her own mails to and from the office; so even in the matter of Royl's letters nobody had been the wiser.

But the waiting, which had been so much longer than either at first anticipated, was now almost at an end. The *denouement*, lived over so often in dreams, must soon take place under the little cottage-roof. Royl was far on his way to New York when he had last written. He must be at Grayledge within a day or two.

This was the thought uppermost in Genevieve's soul as she went down towards the sea that morning. She was so absorbed when she passed through the little stile set in the stone wall which divided the field from the meadows, that she did not observe a strange figure moving leisurely on the road before her. In their approach to each other, this stranger had a full view of her before she was aware of his presence. His first glance had been one of surprised curiosity. As he drew nearer, a startled, intent look came into his eyes—a wonder, a doubt, that was not accounted for, even by that vision of young, radiant loveliness which was drawing near him.

A shadow fell upon the road before her, and with a little start Genevieve looked up. She saw a face there

which she had never seen before. It was a fine, thoughtful face, a little past middle age; and yet one would hardly call it old. The presence of the man was altogether striking, dignified and gracious. Yet the questioning look of those dark gray eyes might have called a sudden flush into cheeks less softly rounded, less sweetly dimpled, than Genevieve Weir's. She, in her turn, stared breathlessly at the man. He had some likeness to another, which struck her at the first glance, and at the second puzzled and baffled her.

The beauty, the grace, the indescribable something about Genevieve Weir which had impressed the stranger at the beginning, only deepened as he approached her. What if this should prove to be the woman he had come to Grayledge to seek? Half against his will, the doubt, the questioning within him grew almost to a conviction. At least he would know the truth. Accustomed always to act promptly, he lifted his hat, and with most courteous bow and tone, said: "Will you pardon the liberty I take in asking whether the lady I see before me is not Miss Genevieve Weir?"

And the voice, like the face, had some baffling resemblance to another.

"That is my name, sir," answered Genevieve, and her voice was clear and steady, despite the fluttering at her heart and the flush in her cheeks.

Then the stranger put out his hand and smiled. There was a beautiful grace and cordiality in that simple action.

"Must I announce myself?" he asked. "Can you not divine who I am?"

When she saw that smile, Genevieve's thought leaped like a flash to the truth.

"You are Royl Darrow's uncle!" she said, and the words followed the thought so quickly she hardly knew that she spoke.

"Yea, I am he," answered Alvin Darrow, and he held the little hand she had given him while she spoke. He noticed its whiteness, its delicate mould, and its ring of small diamonds; he had seen that before. "I had come here to see you, my child," he said. "I am glad we are met just like this."

For a moment Genevieve was dumb. The surprise was like a shock to every nerve. Royl's uncle had seemed a very formidable personage to her, even at a distance, and she had looked forward to the hour of their first meeting with little cowardly shrinkings of heart, even though she knew Royl would be at her side.

She had learned a good deal of the man—of his character and habits—from his nephew, and the talk of the Waldos, who always gossiped, half good-naturedly, half satirically, about their acquaintances.

And now here she was, all alone in the great outdoors, with this elegant, critical gentleman—no hat on her head, no gloves on her hands. What a simple rustic—what a pure barbarian she must seem to him! Her woman's instincts taught her she would be measured by no ordinary standards of taste and criticism. But it was only for one moment that she

faltered. The next the innate forces of the girl had rallied. It was the thought of Royl that calmed and strengthened her. She must not shame his choice; he must not blush for the woman of his love.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Darrow," answered the bright, clear voice. "Will you walk up to the house?"

The question had hardly passed Genevieve's lips before she remembered that the cottage was quite solitary; her aunt and the children had actually gone off to pass the day with some friends just outside the town. Genevieve's persuasions and the beautiful morning had at last beguiled her aunt into the rare indulgence of a holiday.

"Thank you, Miss Weir," answered the gentleman, with his perfect courtesy of mien and tone. "I like best this informal fashion in which the kindly fates have ordained we should meet. Can we not stay out doors awhile and grow all the better acquainted for this lovely atmosphere?"

"Certainly, if you prefer it," answered Genevieve, simply and heartily. She was already beginning to feel more at ease with this gracious, kindly gentleman.

He looked about him a little doubtfully now. From the point where they stood they could see the white stretch of sandy shore below them, and the blue, wide glitter of the sea in the sunlight.

"You were out for a walk, I suspect," continued Mr. Darrow, and his gaze returned to his companion's face. "And you had chosen the road that leads to the shore?"

"Yes," she answered. "I could not help coming to the sea this morning, even though I left the lovely May-land behind me."

"I, too, love the sea in some of its moods better than the fairest shore," said Mr. Darrow. "Shall we not go down there together? May an old man presume to offer you his company, Miss Weir?"

Of course there could be but one reply to this question, and the two kept on through the sloping meadow-path until that lost itself in the sands of the shore. The tide was out, and the still, blue sea lay smiling in the morning, with only a few fishing-boats and white sails on its wide bosom. The waves broke around the shore with a soft, joyous, caressing sound, as though they met the land in an eternal reconciliation of peace and love; the rocks rose at intervals all along the shore, great belting masses of bare granite, scarred by the tempests, worn by the waters; the brown sea-weed clung about their feet, and the long, gray sea-grass hung its elfin locks from many a seam and cranny. A little to the right of the place where the two came out upon the shore, stretched a long, low ledge of rocks, only a few feet above the sands. The whole mass was nearly covered with a thick netting of beach-grass and sea-weed, dry and warm in the sunlight.

The two half-involuntarily bent their steps to this point. Mr. Darrow assisted the lady to mount the few feet of steep rock. She had done that many a time, light and swift as bounding chamois, in her

childhood. The old, weed-netted rocks had been a favorite haunt of Genevieve's. Here the two sat down. The mighty sea spread in solemn gladness before them; the race and laughter of the waves on the sands mingled pleasantly with their talk. In all the radiant blue sky above them there was not a film of cloud.

And Genevieve Weir, sitting on those rocks, with Royl's elegant uncle at her side, was quite at her ease, quite her best, sweetest natural self in that strange time and place.

No doubt Alvin Darrow had something to do with all this. The keen, practiced reader of men and women knew how to draw out skillfully what was in them. He had a wonderful faculty, when he chose to exert it, of attracting people towards himself, and placing them wholly at their ease in his presence. And this man had never exerted all his powers more strenuously than he did this morning to charm and draw out this young, fresh nature at his side. He tried to sound its utmost depths, its powers and possibilities, as a skillful musician tries the quality of some new instrument.

He drew out Genevieve to talk of herself; of her life at Grayledge; of her tastes, her habits, her favorite authors; of her visit to New York, and of the impressions which the great city and the people she had met had made on her; and indirectly, and not at all in a way to startle her maiden shyness, he drew her also to talk of Royl Darrow.

The man talked himself, too, in all pleasant, interesting ways. He told stories of his nephew; of his childhood and youth; of their life abroad and at home; and all the while he was talking or listening, Alvin Darrow was watching Genevieve with an intent, restrained watchfulness that let nothing escape him—not the slightest ripple of expression on her fair face; not a tone of her voice; not a motion of the small hands, even; and all the time he watched, he was weighing this young girl in some hidden balance; he was asking himself what tests she would bear—what were the forces of her character, what was its strength of silence and endurance; what the temper of her soul, what the might of her love? He was asking these questions as a man could only ask them when they were a matter of life and death to him.

The lady of Royl Darrow's love did credit to his choice that morning. She had never looked lovelier; she had never glowed and sparkled with more native grace and charm than she did as she sat on the rocks by his uncle's side. Her thoughts came bright and swift from the soul, and were touched with the ideal lights of an imagination that was a part of herself. She was witty and pathetic, and grave and gay, without knowing it. Yet she sometimes paused moment in wonder at herself, and looked timidly at her companion. Could this kindly and fascinating man be Royl's stately, redoubtable uncle, of whom she had secretly stood in dread? But his smile or his manner always re-assured her the next moment.

Alvin Darrow had come to Grayledge the night before, on a sudden, desperate impulse. He had no

formed purpose at that time in his mind. He knew Royl was on his way home. The evil day of his return could no longer be put off. He had left no stone unturned to prolong his nephew's stay at the West; as he had, at the first, used all his skill to make this journey appear indispensable in Royl's eyes.

Late one night, as he paced his chamber, in the midst of despairing, half-maddened thoughts, a sudden desire seized him to look upon the face of Genevieve Weir—to see the woman who had baffled his dearest hopes and purposes; whose very name he dreaded and hated—the woman who stood between him and life, and the good name and the flawless honor that were more to him than life!

He had passed the night at the hotel in the town; he had taken a walk down to the beach to steady his nerves and brain, and was on his way to the cottage of the Weirs when he first came upon Genevieve. At this time he had formed no plans, he had no purpose beyond following out the vague, blind impulse which urged him to stand face to face with the woman who was Royl's affianced wife, and whose very existence threatened Alvin Darrow with curse and shame! All the while, too, the man was telling himself no good could come of this interview; that his seeking it was simply the last effort of despair, the drowning man's desperate clutch at broken spar or floating sea-weed amid the swirling waves. On his journey down to Grayledge, through the waking hours of the night, even after he had set out from the hotel, Alvin Darrow had told himself he was a fool.

Genevieve Weir had been to him a great surprise. He had all along held the belief that Royl's youth and fancy had been beguiled by a pretty face and a shallow heart and brains. He had no doubt the fellow would wake up—when it was too late, as many a man had done before him—to his mistake. He thought it altogether improbable that a woman brought up in that remote country town, amid the circumstances and limitations which Royl had described, could be, in any sense, the peer of his fine-souled, gifted nephew. But he knew Royl's capacity for idealizing what he loved. With all the ardor of youth, and all the strength of his affection, he had invested some common-place maiden with whatever was noblest and sweetest in woman; and he would cling to her with all the loyalty and all the honor that are at once the glory and the danger of Royl Darrow.

So the man had reasoned. But the first sight of Genevieve had shaken that opinion. It was not that she was simply a beautiful girl. Alvin Darrow had seen these in all lands and among all races. But there was about her a native grace, a rare finish, not only of face and figure, but of tone, and movement, and manner, which the fastidious man of the world could fully appreciate. It seemed as though she were a thought of nature in some tender, poetic mood. And this grace and refinement proved to be, on further knowledge, the very atmosphere of her soul. She was a rare woman; rare, not only in sweetness and tenderness, but rare in strength and dignity of charac-

ter, in grasp and force of intellect. Her soul was, at this time, simple, child-like, poetic, full of ideals and enthusiasms. If it had in reserve grand forces of courage, endurance, sacrifice, life would be certain to prove them.

Through their talk on the weed-covered rocks that May morning, Alvin Darrow, as I said, had been watching and weighing this girl quiet, alert, intent, as one watches and weighs another on whose word and will his life hangs.

"I see," his thoughts went; "the boy was right. She justifies his choice; a rare, beautiful, fragrant soul; a nature touched to fine issues, and lovely in body as she is in soul. One woman like this among a million have I not found. You knew the best when you saw it, my boy."

Something—a thought, a purpose—suddenly flashed through Alvin Darrow's mind; but, though it came so suddenly, it had probably been for the last hour groping its way to the light. With all his self-control, that thought was powerful enough to make the man start as though some unseen hand had dealt him a blow.

He had been pulling the locks of gray sea-weed about him to pieces, and scattering the dark, powdery flakes on the sand, while he listened to the talk, or led in it himself. Sometimes his glance went far out to sea; sometimes it came back to Genevieve's eyes. He understood, now, the young, pure, child-like soul before him. Was its temper so fine he could trust it? Was it of stuff that could bear and not break with the awful secret, the dreadful burden he was tempted to lay upon it?

Alvin Darrow thought of the women of history, and poetry, and legend—of the Helois and Eleanors—the women who had proved their love and loyalty by courageous deeds, and mighty sacrifices, and silent endurance. Was not this girl, who sat by his side, he asked himself, of the same fine strain, of the same heroic mould?

He looked at her once more, as she sat there beaming and flushing under his gaze. Could she—would she save him? It was his last chance. He resolved to try it.

It may have been weakness, as well as despair and agony which forced Alvin Darrow to this conclusion. He had carried his dreadful secret so long; he had held it locked and safe in his iron will, but at last his brain and nerves had begun to falter under the weight. He drew a long, deep breath. It was strange that the thought of baring his soul to this young girl, whom he had known for only three hours, should have seemed like a relief to the strong man!

It was a little past mid-day, now. The tide had turned. The great waves rolled softly in upon the sands below, and shook out their silver manes of foam, and dashed back again in the strong joy of the race and the triumph. Far out in the deep, blue air a few sea-gulls hung over the waves, with the sunlight glittering on their snowy wings. Sea, and earth, and sky were radiant in the still May noon.

"I believe you love my boy Royl?" said Alvin

Darrow, turning suddenly to Genevieve, and looking her straight in the eyes, with a solemn earnestness she had not seen there before.

The look, the words themselves startled her out of her bright calm, the pink cheeks flushed the rosiest red; but, in a moment, Genevieve answered with the frank, graceful dignity of a maiden to whom her love was too beautiful or too solemn for any girlish affectations: "If I did not love your nephew, Mr. Darrow, I should not have promised him what I have done."

"I know that, my child," and still the man, as he spoke, held her with his serious, searching eyes; his voice, though it kept all its courteous gentleness, grew sad and solemn. "I see it in your face; I read it in your eyes. You do not need to tell me. I am so far satisfied that I am asking myself a question."

"What kind of question, Mr. Darrow?" asked Genevieve, and a vague feeling of alarm came over her.

"I am asking myself whether your love for my boy is of the sort that braves and endures; whether it could be strong and silent, as well as tender and loyal, for his sake. I have read of women—I have known a few—who were capable of grand heroisms and sacrifices for their love's sake; women who would not flinch from that cruelest of all tests—the resigning their beloved, if his happiness or his safety required it. But such women are always rare. They are the uncrowned queens, the glorious unsung martyrs of their sex. Ah, Miss Weir, I sit here looking in your face; and I no longer wonder it is to my Royl the loveliest face in the world. I only wonder if it belongs to this splendid company, this crown and flower of womanhood!"

Genevieve sat listening to this speech with strained, solemn eyes. The flush in her cheeks grew paler. A chill of fear crept through her. She was silent a few moments after Mr. Darrow had spoken, but her troubled eyes did not leave his face. When she spoke, it was with a womanly dignity, in striking contrast to her sparkling, girlish manner a few minutes before.

"I hardly know how to answer you, Mr. Darrow," she said. "I am not sure—I could not tell even my own soul, where my heart might fail, or what it might brave or endure for your nephew's sake. I may not belong to the company of women of whom you speak. Do you wish to put me to the test?"

This simple, guarded answer suited the man best. There was an unconscious proof of reserve-force in it. The girl was too proud, too truthful, to claim anything for her love, to arrogate for herself any special strength or virtue; but, the man, well versed in human hearts, knew that this silence promised better for him than any words could have done. The time had come for him to speak.

Alvin Darrow laid his hand on Genevieve's; he tried to look down through her eyes into her soul.

"Yes, Miss Weir," he said, in a slow, steady voice, like one who weighs every word he utters. "I do wish to put you to the test!"

The girl grew white to her very lips. Something

cold stole to her heart, which made her gasp for breath.

"Oh, what is it you want me to do?" she cried out in sudden fear.

Mr. Darrow glanced at her, and then all about him, with eyes in which some secret terror lurked.

"Hush!" he said, his voice keyed almost to a whisper. "This is not the place to speak. Somebody may be hiding around here and overhear us. Is there no place where we can be absolutely secure from human presence, Miss Weir?"

His manner, his question, infused a new dread into Genevieve. It was quite absurd to imagine that a person could be lurking in their vicinity. Just before them rolled the sea. Around them, on every side, stretched the sand and the rocks. From the point where they sat, they could perceive any one's approach long before he were within earshot.

All this Genevieve thought, but did repeat to her companion; she only said: "If you will walk up to the cottage, Mr. Darrow, you will be secure there. Not a soul is inside at this time. The family have gone out to pass the day."

The man shook his head decidedly, almost sternly. "I cannot run such risks," he replied. "It is perilous to trust the protection of walls and doors, Miss Weir. Somebody might be lurking in a corner. I want some secluded, remote, out-door place for our talk. The fishermen and boatmen haunt these shores." And again that scared look came into his eyes as they went, more than half a mile off, to a group of men who were hauling in fish on the sands.

Then Genevieve remembered the pine-grove a little way from the house. Into the dimness and silence, at this season of the year, a mortal foot seldom intruded. There, as nowhere else, the privacy Alvin Darrow insisted on would be secured to them.

In a few words she explained all this to her companion. He sprang lightly as a man among his twenties to his feet.

"It is the very place for us," he said, eagerly. "Let us go there at once, Miss Weir."

CHAPTER V.

LONG afterward, when Genevieve tried to recall that walk from the shore to the pines, it was mostly a blank to her. The warm May sun must have shone brightly as it did in the earlier morning; the robins must have sung as sweetly among the blossoming trees; but for Genevieve Weir a shadow had fallen that hushed all the song and put out all the brightness of the day. A prescience of evil cast its chill darkness on her soul. What was the strange secret this man had to share with her? What was the mysterious dread that darkened his eyes and crept into his voice?

Genevieve fancied that they must have walked on rapidly, and for the most part in silence. She remembered occasionally glancing up in her companion's face, and meeting the hard, intent glance that struck a chill to her soul. Why did he watch

her with that strange, wary look, half of doubt and half of fear, much as a man might gaze at another whom he follows through unknown wildernesses, not quite sure whether it is for life or for death?

She remembered, too, as they turned into the road which led past the cottage, that they glanced simultaneously at the house, a little gray nest, with a bay-window, a bit of balcony in the second story and narrow piazza in front. It was a cozy, picturesque little home, with all fair New England May-blooms at its feet.

"That is our home," said Genevieve.

"I suspected so," answered Mr. Darrow; and then he surveyed the place with critical interest. And there rose before him the vision of another home, stately and imposing, out of which he had dreamed Royl Darrow would one day, with fitting pomp, escort his bride; and the lowly roof seemed to stand there like a threatening enemy; and for that moment the girl who walked in her young loveliness by his side seemed something to be feared and hated.

The next moment, however, he had mastered this feeling sufficiently to make some pleasant remarks on the cottage and its site. But they fell on listless ears. Genevieve's heart was too full of doubts and forebodings to heed or even hear any agreeable things which Royl Darrow's uncle might choose to say to her now.

A few moments brought them to the pines. They entered into the stillness and shadows without a word, and Genevieve led her companion over the soft, brown sward to the very heart of the dim old wood.

How the low winds rustled amid the branches! How the broken sunlight glanced and quivered on the great mossy boles, and made the loveliest network with the shadows on the ground! There was no sound about the two but the whisper of winds or the singing of birds.

In the heart of the wood was a great kingly pine—a Hercules among the trees—that towered far above its brethren. A storm had long since torn and scarred the mighty trunk, but the branches waved their mass of green plumes victoriously at the top. The foot of this old pine was another of Genevieve's favorite haunts. Within the last year her young brother had woven some boughs into an ingenious rustic seat, which he had placed here. She came, almost by instinct, straight to this spot.

"You are safe now," said Genevieve, turning to her companion. "Nobody will overhear you."

And the two sat down on the bench of pine boughs, and Genevieve wondered if all this were not a dreadful dream, a miserable nightmare. But even then Alvin Darrow did not seem in a hurry to speak. He glanced into the depths of the wood with the glance of doubt and fear which Genevieve had seen as they sat on the rocks, and then his eyes came back to her face with something in them, she could not tell what, but her heart almost stopped beating with a sick dread.

A sharp groan broke from Alvin Darrow's lips;

his face had grown ashen-white. Now the time had come to speak, he whose words had never failed before found it impossible to begin.

Genevieve saw this. Wrought up to a pitch of uncontrollable agony, she suddenly burst out: "O Mr. Darrow, what is this dreadful thing you have to say to me?"

At that cry, the man, telling himself it was his last chance, and with a mighty effort nerving his will, bending his white face close to hers, looking straight in her eyes, opened his lips and spoke. Alvin Darrow could never recall those first words; but after they had crossed his lips, the rest came easy enough. There were no more pauses, there was no more hesitancy. Out of his shame and agony his speech broke swift and terrible.

And I, who write his story, cannot tell it in Alvin Darrow's words. It was a story—would God in these last years it had been less common!—of broken fortunes, of long struggles, of hopes and disappointments, of failures and concealments, that goaded him to desperation, and ended at last in crime—not in a single one, but in a series of crimes; each, with the fatal logic of evil, necessitating another, the man all the time getting more and more involved, making fresh ventures, clutching at hazardous speculations, in the desperate hope of retrieving his lost fortunes of saving his good name from dishonor. But the long struggle proved hopeless. Some evil destiny seemed to track and spoil his best-laid plans. And now courage, and resource, and superhuman energy had failed him. Discovery was inevitable. The end was at hand. He who stood before the world to-day with his proud old name, with his unsullied life behind him, was on the brink of a precipice, where all must go down in blackness and shame. There was before Alvin Darrow—the courteous, high-minded gentleman, honored of all men, beloved of many—only the prisoner's cell, the felon's garb, the life that was worse than death!

There was Royl, too—the last of his kin, the nephew, the son, dearer than life, for whom he had schemed and toiled—he must go down, too. The brave, noble fellow would never—the truth once known—lift up his head among men; that proud, tender heart would be crushed forever.

Genevieve Weir had listened to this awful story, silent, transfixed, cheek and lip white as when we kiss them for the last time. When Alvin Darrow mentioned Royl's name, a cry of exceeding pain broke from the blanched lips; she wrenched her hands out of the man's grasp, and covered her pallid face. He felt the young limbs writhe beside him; he knew that the iron had entered her soul.

The time had come to speak now. He drew close to her; he laid his hand on her shoulder; he put his lips close to her ear.

"There is one chance to save him—to save me. There is one person only in the world who can do it!" he said, in slow, steady, solemn tones.

She lifted her face at that. She looked at him with her bright, strained, tearless eyes.

"Who is it?" she gasped; and he saw by her look that she had no prescience of what was coming.

"You!" he said. "You!"

"I!" gasped the white lips of Genevieve Weir. "I save Royl Darrow! I save you!"

"Yes," returned the other. "You, young, slight, fair, helpless girl, can do it. You can save Royl Darrow's future from dishonor and despair—you can save me from the scorn of the world, from the shame of a prison, from the death of a suicide! O woman, with your soft heart and your sweet face before me, I throw myself on your pity, your mercy—I ask you, will you do this thing—for your love's sake, will you do it?"

"What is it you would have me do?" she asked, and the voice was not the voice of Genevieve Weir.

Then Alvin Darrow told her. Here again I cannot repeat his words; neither could Genevieve Weir, though she lost no syllable nor inflection, though every word entered her soul like fire.

Before the next five minutes were over, Genevieve Weir learned that Royl Darrow could be saved only by her giving him up—only by his marrying another woman.

Then Alvin Darrow—the proud old man—knelt at this girl's feet; the tears streamed down his face; he grasped her hands once more; he besought her for his life, for more than his life; he prayed her to save him—for Royl's sake to save him!

Any heart not of stone must have been moved by that sight, by that appeal. And the heart of Genevieve Weir was tender as ever trobbled in the bosom of woman. In the rush of grief and pity which filled her soul, in the swift impulse to help and rescue, she did not for awhile think of herself, any more than the strong swimmer does when he plunges into stormy waves to snatch some drowning man from their hungry maw. She was intent only on the thing she had to do—on the way it should be done.

Alvin Darrow laid the whole matter clearly before her; his face grew sharp with eagerness, his heart beat with a new hope as he talked; he had no disguises from her now; he even felt it an unspeakable relief to share the secret, guarded from all men, with this young, innocent girl, who knew little of the world, and to whom the very name of crime was an unfathomable horror.

He made no attempt to disguise the depth and strength of Royl's affection for herself. No human power, he averred, but her own, could sever the bond that united them. Only Genevieve herself could send him from her side; and that so promptly, so absolutely, so eternally, that he could have no ghost of a hope, no shadow of a dream, to cling to.

"How must I do it?" she asked, faintly but steadily.

Again Alvin Darrow had his answer ready. Royl must not come to Grayledge. Their meeting would be too cruel an ordeal for both him and Genevieve. She must write him a letter, declining to see him again, and cancelling their engagement. She could, of course, make no excuses for her conduct beyond a

solemn, unalterable resolution for reasons satisfactory and sacred to herself, never to be Royl Darrow's wife. She could appeal to his honor never to seek her side or exert his influence over her to change a decision which she knew to be irrevocable. She must return his betrothal-ring and his letters, and insist on his destroying hers.

Time was precious, now. It would not do to lose hours, or trust to mails. Royl's uncle must leave tomorrow by the noon-train. It would be necessary that he should carry Genevieve's letter with him. He would inform Royl of his visit to Grayledge; he would tell him that he had gone there on a sudden fancy to meet Miss Weir. In their first interview, she had confided to him her unalterable determination to renounce his nephew; she had entreated him to reconcile Royl to the breaking of their engagement.

Alvin Darrow knew his nephew; his heart would be wounded to the core, but his pride would be keenly stung by Genevieve's dismissal. He would not seek the woman who had thus solemnly rejected him. The rest could be left to his uncle.

"And this woman—whom you will have Royl marry—is to save him—to save you both; you are sure she can do that?" asked Genevieve, steadily, earnestly.

"She will bring the two hundred thousand dollars as her marriage dowry, which will save Royl, which will save me!" replied Alvin Darrow. Then he went on to tell her briefly of Ashley Brier, the only child and heiress of his old friend and classmate. The man was not generous, but he adored his daughter, and he had secretly set his heart on having Royl Darrow for his son-in-law. In case the young people were married, the father would enter into business relations with his old friend, and place the larger part of his daughter's dowry at the disposal of Royl's uncle. This marriage with Ashley Brier was the only door of escape from dishonor for both the Darrows.

While he was talking of this woman, Genevieve had bowed her head on her hands. She sat still as the huge pine-boles around her. But the sense of what this man was asking of her was growing clearer within her. Yet the shock and horror of the last hours had been so great that her thoughts groped, and could not at once grasp the whole truth. At last, when the pause came in the man's speech, she raised her head and looked at him with steadfast, commanding gaze.

"I must give up Royl Darrow! I must never see him—never to speak to him again! I must send him from me to be the husband of another woman!" she said, slowly, but in a low, quiet voice, as though she were going over all the facts in her own mind. "That is what you ask of me?"

"That is what I ask of you, Miss Weir!" repeated Alvin Darrow.

"And he can never know why I have done this—never, in this world—though he live to be an old man and I an old woman?"

"He can never know the truth! Your absolute renunciation—your life-long silence, is the terrible price I ask of your love, Miss Weir!"

As he said this, he saw her head go down in her hands like some stricken creature. In that moment she saw what he meant—in that moment the floods went over her; but she did not move or cry.

Then, with all the power with which that extreme moment inspired him, Alvin Darrow made a last appeal to whatever was finest, loftiest and most generous in the soul of Genevieve Weir. He set before her the two alternatives: on the one hand, if she held to her troth with Royl, she would seal his misery, his life-long dishonor and shame; on the other, if she broke the letter, she would keep the spirit of her promise; she would secure his peace, his honor, his happiness.

Would she not prove the might of her love by the completeness of her renunciation? Could she marry Royl Darrow, knowing what fate she was to bring down on him; knowing what sudden horror must come crashing into the midst of her bridal joy? Could she sit by his side, his wife, and feel that she had wrecked his life? Had not God—did not her own conscience, her inmost soul, call her to this surrender of what she loved best? In all ages there had been women capable of making it! Would not Genevieve Weir prove that she, too, belonged to their supreme companionship? Would she not show that love was more to her than life?

And all the while the man was talking, touching with marvelous skill, with masterly eloquence every fine chord in the nature of the girl, the winds crooned softly and sadly in the pines overhead; the level sunbeams shot into the dim, solemn old wood, and a quivering radiance lighted the brown pine-needles and the mossy boles. At last, Alvin Darrow ceased. There was no more to say.

After a pause—it seemed a long one to the man who waited for the words which should be life or death to him—Genevieve lifted her face from her hands, rose slowly, and stood before him. There was no vestige of color in her face; no quiver of emotion on it. She looked him again in the eyes with her bright, unfaltering gaze.

"I cannot give you my promise now," she said. "I must have a little while to think of it—by myself. It has come upon me so suddenly, and I want to be quite sure of what I may promise—sure of all I am doing!"

"When shall I see you?" inquired Mr. Darrow.

"If you will come here to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock, you shall have my answer!" said Genevieve Weir.

The man's hope sprang at these words. If she had promised him on the first impulse of her pity and grief, he might have feared lest she should fail in the action, in the long strain to come. But here was a woman who would not give her word lightly; and who, having given that, would not fail it. It promised well that she had asked time to consider—to make up her mind.

They went out of the woods in silence together. The sun, by this time, was going down in the distant sea-horizon. At the edge of the pines Alvin Darrow lifted his hat to Genevieve, gave her his

hand, and said only, "To-morrow morning at ten o'clock?"

"To-morrow morning at ten o'clock," she repeated, and they separated.

As Alvin Darrow went down in the sunset to his hotel, he thought over all he had done that day, and his heart was lighter and stronger than it had been for the last year.

He was naturally a kind-hearted man. The sight or story of human suffering always moved him. Was there no pity, no remorse in his soul, one must wonder, for the young girl of whom he had asked so awful a sacrifice, and on whose opening womanhood he had laid so terrible a burden?

When a man's fate trembles in the balance, as Alvin Darrow's trembled that night, how can he pause for pity, how can he take thought for anything but his own deliverance? Had he not lived day and night with the spectre at his side, the sword over his head, the dread of the day when his crime should be discovered, when all men should look beyond his fair outside to the real man which Alvin Darrow knew himself to be?

He had lived it over, moment by moment—the first shock and amazement; the arrest; the *exposé* in the newspapers; the sad faces of old friends and acquaintances; the talk and wonder over his crime on Wall Street, in the hotels, in business offices where he was well-known, and in homes where he had been an honored guest. He had lived over the long trial, the unanswerable proofs of his guilt, the dreadful sentence that would shut him away from the faces and voices of men, and doom him to his place among the lowest and vilest of his kind—doom him to the prison, the felon's garb, the solitude and darkness of his narrow cell.

It is true, one swift, sure mode of deliverance had always risen before the man; but it was only the last terrible resort. A suicide's death would not save his memory from dishonor, nor Royl from the knowledge of his uncle's guilt, nor the heavy share in his uncle's shame.

For it was always of Royl that Alvin Darrow thought first and last. He had made himself believe that it was for Royl's sake more than for his own that he was trying to move heaven and earth to conceal his crime.

What he had done, cruel as it might seem, was, he would have told himself, the truest kindness towards Genevieve Weir. As the wife of Royl Darrow, she could only share his misery and be overwhelmed in his ruin. When the danger was passed, when Royl Darrow was the husband of Ashley Brier, then, and then only, could his uncle pause to remember Genevieve Weir with pity. It was the time now to act resolutely, mercilessly—the time to put hand in the flame or heart to the torture, if need were.

And on that slight girl's strength of will, and depth of pity, and force of character, hung now the fate of Alvin Darrow.

As he walked along the blossom-scented roads in the soft May twilight, his thoughts went back over

the last five years. He saw the first fatal step in his downward career, and he cursed himself for it now, fiercely, bitterly, impotently, as he had cursed himself many times before. He saw the weak cowardice, the false pride, which made him shrink from avowing to the world his fallen fortunes, and so lured him to his ruin.

He went back to his first crime, to the hour when, goaded to desperation by successive losses and profitless investments, an easy method of temporary escape out of his harassing difficulties presented itself to his mind. How he had shrunk from the temptation at first, with the scorn and horror of an honest man. How it had returned again and again and haunted him, until familiarity with the idea made the horror vanish. How at last, one day, when the toils had all closed about him, when inevitable business-ruin was staring him in the face, he had done the fatal deed in the haste and madness of despair, and carried the forged securities to the bank, and hugged himself for joy to think they had saved him.

If he had seen the end from the beginning! But he had no doubt at that time that the peril was passed, that, with the next turn of the wheel, his improved fortunes would enable him to replace the forged collaterals with genuine ones. Yet the man remembered as he went home from his office on that fatal day, how he had looked in the faces of his fellow-men with a strange feeling that a great dividing gulf had yawned suddenly between them. And Alvin Darrow knew in his soul how deep had been the fall; that he had never been the same man from that day.

When he reached the hotel that night, however, nobody would have suspected from his manner that Alvin Darrow had been through a terrible crisis since the morning.

Had he not lived under an awful strain for years? Had he not forced his shuddering nerves and compelled his reluctant will to join in light talk, and gay laughter, and finely-pointed jest, when his brain seemed rocking to madness, when he dreaded lest the next moment he should burst out in a shriek of agony and despair? Had he not proved what man can bear and live? Was it a time now to swerve when the end was so near, when a new hope had dawned within him? He must keep his brain clear and his nerves strong for that which was before him.

He ordered a luxurious dinner that night; he uncorked a bottle of the rare old Port-wine he had brought out with him from the city, and sent a glass to his host, and discussed politics and crops with him. He quite won the heart of the man's wife with a half hour's pleasant chat. Alvin Darrow was a great favorite with all women:

Then he went to his room, and listened to the sound of the waves outside as they shook out their great white plumes on the beach in the moonlight. He thought of Genevieve Weir, and of the old pine wood, and of the morning that was coming to decide his fate; and thinking of all these things, the man yet fell into a sound sleep.

CHAPTER VI.

GENEVIEVE had gone straight from the pine-woods to her home, to her own chamber. Here, a little after dark, her family returning from their visit, found the girl.

Rob and Gracie were half-wild with merriment, and Aunt Esther's heightened color showed how much she had enjoyed her brief recreation. They were all a little sobered by the sight of Genevieve, by the sound of the low, weary voice which answered their inquiries. Yet there was nothing in all this to arouse even Aunt Esther's motherly fears. Genevieve said simply that she had a headache, and had come up to her own room, before dark, for the rest and stillness that were indispensable.

The family had gone off in the morning, leaving her in all the bright joyousness of the mood with which she had gone down to the sea. She had had her times from childhood, of liking best to be alone, and nobody thought anything of leaving her for a day to the wide out-doors, to the books and drawings which she loved. Her headache was, of course, ample explanation of her changed manner, and Aunt Esther, in pity for Genevieve, soon carried off the hilarious boy and girl; but her niece declined all offers of further service, and begged earnestly to be left alone.

When her aunt, a little reluctantly, disappeared from the room, Genevieve returned to the window where she had been sitting when the young people burst in on her.

A large, white moon hung in the sky; and the earth, with all her fresh verdure and sweet blooms, was bathed in the pure, poetic light. From her window, Genevieve could see in the far distance the silver gleam of the sea; she could hear the mighty pulses of the waves, as they throbbed on the sands. What a night it was! How the solemn pomp of its moon and stars fitly took the place of the bright, vanished day! Yet no night had ever gathered with such blackness of misery around the soul of Genevieve Weir. She leaned her white face over the low window-sill, and tried to think. She had been trying to think ever since she came from the pine-woods to her chamber. She had a feeling that here, in the quiet, little room, with its gable-window, with the simple, familiar things around her, she should be able to grasp the meaning of all Alvin Darrow had said to her—to look resolutely in the face the thing which he had asked her to do. But she had failed thus far. Heart and nerves had been so shocked that she was half-dazed. Her thoughts whirled through her brain like mad things. The pain at her heart sent a dull ache through every limb. The sight of that great, calm moon hanging over the gray rocks tortured her. Was it not the same moon that had looked down on her and Royl when they rode that night in Central Park, and gave themselves to each other? How tender and solemn it gazed on them then—how hard and pitiless it shone on her now! She sometimes half-fancied that it bore a cruel smile—a smile that mocked her loneliness and pain.

VOL. XLVI.—10.

But the familiar household faces and voices had had their effect; for, after these had gone away, and left her with the night and her own soul, Genevieve's brain cleared—her thoughts grew steady—she went over, word for word, all that Alvin Darrow had said to her that day; she looked in the face the thing he had asked her to do—she saw what it meant for her.

It meant the giving up of Royl Darrow—the putting him out of her life, sternly, absolutely, forever—it meant something so much sharper, so much bitterer than death, that that seemed soft and kindly beside it—it meant never to see Royl Darrow again, never to sit by his side to hear his voice, to live, yet to be as the dead to him—it meant the giving him, her love, her own, to be the husband of another.

As she thought of that, she gave a little, gasping cry; some great drops gathered on her brow, and a fiery agony suddenly flamed up in her heart. She sprang to her feet, drawing hard, long breaths; like one half-suffocated, she turned from the window and paced up and down the room. And in the stillness she heard the voice of Royl's uncle again, as she had heard it under the pine trees. Again he called upon her to save him; again he told her that she alone, of all the world, could do it; again he knelt before her, with his clasped hands and the tears pouring down his proud, old face!

Poor Genevieve! She tried to put herself out of the way—to hold down the pain at her heart—to still her soul, as it beat its wings in that fierce agony; she told herself that this thing which God asked at her hands—though it were more than her life—she must yield to him!

Alvin Darrow had counted well on the nature of this girl. It was no woman of ordinary heart and soul who was walking her room in the watches of that May night, and wrestling with her love and agony, and coming slowly, but not less surely, to the awful resolve that she would put away from her all the joy of her fresh youth, all the hope and love of her budding womanhood. She could save Royl. His uncle had told her how she could do it. This was the central idea around which her thoughts grouped themselves. She began to see how, in giving him up, she should give herself to him more absolutely, more supremely than she could by becoming his wife. She was called to prove her love by the greatness of her renunciation. She remembered now the vow she had half-involuntarily uttered just before she parted with Royl that last time in the library. How little she dreamed then it would be her fate to keep her word in this awful way! Yet she would be keeping it—not less, but more, when most she seemed to break it.

She asked herself what happiness could fall to her as Royl Darrow's wife. With her knowledge of the truth, she could never let him wed her, and so drag him down to irredeemable shame and ruin. When the thunderbolt of his uncle's crime should burst upon their bridal joy, would it be enough to stand bravely by Royl's side—to feel it bliss to share his grief and shame, if only they were not divided?

Could she look in his face and tell him if she had been strong enough, and brave enough, she might have saved him; but her love failed her—it had cried out in weakness and cowardice for itself?

Then she tried to remember the women of whom Mr. Darrow had spoken—the women of poetry, and legend, and history, who had surrendered life and happiness for their beloved. Had they not done it calmly, joyfully. Would they—nobler than herself—have doubted and wavered, as she was doing to-night?

But her heart had a voice that made itself heard above all the arguments of reason and duty. It plead against sending Royl Darrow from her in this swift, cruel fashion. Would he not resent her treatment of him with all the indignation of a generous nature whose most sacred feelings have been outraged? Would he not feel his right to the explanation which she so absolutely denied him? No living man—Royal Darrow, with his fine sense of truth and honor, least of all—could forgive the woman who treated him as Genevieve would be forced to do. He must first despise and then forget her.

At that thought a little moan broke from Genevieve's lips; but she fought back the pain, telling herself that God would know all the time, and some day Royl Darrow would know, too, that she had not failed him.

She tried to think what life would be without him, and the days rose before her without end, hopeless, joyless, as days in Hades. The dreams, the hopes, the beautiful future with Royl Darrow, had passed out of her life forever! She must live on in the same world, yet apart from him! If she could only die at once! But she was so young, so strong—she might live on and on to be an old woman, and look back on this night, and know that it was the one in which her real self had died; that what remained was only a ghost of the Genevieve Weir who had gone down in her radiant gladness to the sands that morning. How long ago it seemed now!

She thought of Royl, her brave, young lover, of his manly tenderness, of his gentleness and nobleness—thought of him as he had stood all these months crowned and glorified in her young girl's imagination; she recalled passages of his letters that had crept into her heart, and had sung there, sweeter than birds that wake to sing the matins of summer dawns; she went over all their meetings, from the first one to that last in the library.

And she must give him up in a little while to be the husband of another—of that woman whose money had bought him. But again, when she thought of that, the fiery agony leaped up like a freshly-lighted torch in her heart; she wrung her hands apart, and with a little stifled cry, like one that perishes for breath, rushed to the window. She saw the fair old town asleep in the moonlight; she saw the solemn moon in the sky, and the distant shimmer of the sea. It seemed to her that some help or courage came to her; that God was nearer to her in the wide, brooding stillness of His sky, and earth, and sea.

Poor Genevieve Weir! Hour by hour, through that May night, sometimes pacing the room, sometimes sitting with bright, strained eyes by the window, she fought for the victory. But all the time she knew in her own soul that she was slowly bringing herself to the decision, that the moment was coming when she should put her life away from her.

Place yourself in this girl's case, my reader. Ask yourself how you would have acted in her stead. If you would not have done as she did for the man dearest to you, then be sure, though you may know the joy and blessedness, you have not measured the heights nor sounded the depths of love.

Genevieve Weir herself could not have told the moment when she made up her mind. The night had seemed ages long to her; but at last she went and sat down quietly by the window, and looked towards the east. She had not glanced at the clock, but she knew the dawn was at hand.

At last the faint gray showed itself on the distant hills; it grew and grew, and the loveliest rose-bloom began to streak the sky, and the birds began to stir in their nests, and welcome the new May morning with songs.

When it was quite light, Genevieve went to her writing-table, sat down, and with steady hand, and tightly-set, white lips, wrote a letter—wrote sentence for sentence what Alvin Darrow had asked of her. Sternly, absolutely, eternally, she broke her troth to Royl Darrow—she sent him from her forever!

Then she went to a dark, old-fashioned bureau, and took from its upper drawer a bundle of letters, and the small, daintily-fashioned box of malachite which lay beside them. She drew from her finger the ring whose flashing jewels had witnessed to her all these days that she was Royl Darrow's betrothed wife; she looked at it a moment, her set lip quivered, and with a little passionate, despairing cry she bent down and kissed the ring; then swiftly, lest heart and hand should fail her, she placed it inside the box, and sealed that in a packet with his letters.

When she had written the address, she sat down and looked at her pen. I think, in other times, people must have looked with eyes like that girl's on the sword or the axe which had smitten out the life of one best loved.

By this time the morning was all alive outside, full of fresh dews and sweet odors of fruit-blooms, and the singing of birds nested among blossoming-trees. It was morning for all the world; but on Genevieve Weir's youth a night had fallen—a night on which it seemed no morning could ever rise.

When she heard the sound of voices, the moving of feet about the rooms, she roused herself with a vague instinct that she must take up the old life, the weary, helpless routine—as though nothing had happened. She had the burden of an awful secret to keep. As she remembered that, Genevieve looked about her with hushed face and scared eyes.

When she came down to breakfast that morning, she looked so white and worn that they were all startled. Out of her pink blossom of a face, little

Gracie's blue eyes stared in wonder at her sister, and even Rob, the loud, careless, good-natured, hot-tempered boy, looked rather serious.

Aunt Esther was quite dismayed at the appearance of her darling. She would not allow Genevieve to sit at the table, but had her lie down on the lounge, where she hovered about her with anxious questions and well-meant service.

Genevieve explained as well as she could. She had had a sleepless night, and her head ached. When her aunt touched her hands, the woman cried out because they were so cold—they made her think of other hands she had clasped, when they could return her pressure no more.

Genevieve tried to make light of her illness. She forced herself to swallow some mouthfuls of breakfast, as well as the hot tea her aunt brought her. For the most part, however, she lay white and silent, glancing every few minutes at the clock.

A little after nine Genevieve arose suddenly, and insisted, against all remonstrances, on going out-doors. The fresh air and the warm sunlight would do her good, she said. She went up to her room, and a little while after, Aunt Esther heard her come down, and watched her, as she took the road that led to the pine-woods.

"What ails the child?" she asked herself, as she followed Genevieve with troubled eyes. "She walks feebly as an old woman!"

The dappled shadows on the brown pine-needles; the glancing sunlight on the mossy boles were lovely as the day before. The same soft morning winds crooned among the branches as Genevieve entered the wood. She did not heed the one or hear the other. She went straight to the great tree where she had promised to meet Alvin Darrow. It was not yet ten o'clock, but she found him awaiting her. What a doubt, and fear, and hungry eagerness were in the man's eyes, as she drew near. The next moment must decide his fate. He waited for her to speak; his own lips could not fashion a syllable.

"Here is the letter I have written to your nephew, Mr. Darrow," said Genevieve, in a steady, but mechanical sort of voice. "You can read it. It will tell you all you desire to know."

The man grasped the letter she offered him, tore it open, and devoured every word of its contents. When he was through he turned to Genevieve Weir with a changed face—such an unutterable relief, such a joy and triumph shone out of it!

"There is not a syllable to alter," he said. "You have done your part perfectly, Miss Weir. I am, at your request, to give this letter to Royl, on his return; to inform him of my visit to Grayledge in order to see you, and any—any further details which the circumstances may require, you will, I suppose, leave to my judgment. I think we understand each other, Miss Weir?"

"You can say to your nephew what you think best," answered Genevieve, in a tired, listless tone, like one who has no further interest in a matter. She did not dream what uses the desperate man before her

might be driven to make of that permission. Then she took from her pocket a little sealed packet, and held it to him. "This is all your nephew ever gave me, Mr. Darrow!" she said. "You know what you are to do with it."

He bowed, took the packet in silence, bestowed it in his overcoat-pocket, then turned and looked at Genevieve.

She spoke now in the same quiet, mechanical tone which she had used from the beginning of the interview. "I have done everything that you asked of me, Mr. Darrow. I may feel that I have saved you—that I have saved *him*!"

"You may feel that, Miss Weir. Nothing more remains but that absolute secrecy, which is so hard, so impossible to most men or women; but the woman who has shown herself capable of what you have done is equal also to the burden of a life-long reticence."

"The future can only try and prove me there," answered Genevieve, with a strange, proud calmness; and Alvin Darrow, deeply versed in human nature, felt that no promises, no oaths even, on her part, could give him any feeling of greater security.

They stood quite still under the shadow of the mighty pine, looking at each other. As he gazed on that white, still face, a memory of its radiant bloom, as he had seen it only yesterday morning, came over Alvin Darrow; a sense of all he had asked at her hands; of the young life he had despoiled; of the heart he had smitten, caused the man a swift revulsion of pity and remorse; but of this feeling he spoke suddenly. "You have given me back my life, my honor, Genevieve Weir. When a man owes a woman what I, standing here, owe to you, what is he to do? Shall he fall at her feet and kiss the hem of her garment? If he would thank her, all words must seem poor and mean before the vastness of his debt. What is he to say to her?"

"I think," answered Genevieve, "the man had better say—nothing!"

She did not mean it unkindly, but she was very tired. She wanted him to go away and leave her alone.

Again he looked at her—the fair, slight, crushed creature before him—yet so much calmer and stronger than he in her pride and her silence. He longed to say something to console her; longed to comfort her in some fashion before they separated; and out of this strong impulse, he spoke suddenly: "I have seen you, with my own eyes, Genevieve Weir. I came to Grayledge bitterly prejudiced against you—I go away feeling that had—had circumstances been different—you are the one woman in the world whom I would have chosen for the wife of Royl Darrow!"

That speech of his was the greatest failure Alvin Darrow had ever made. He saw it in a moment himself; saw how the poor, futile attempt at consolation and compliment looked in the face of the thing this girl had just done for him.

Yet, there was this excuse for the man. He had spoken out of the habits of a lifetime; he knew how

the world prized his opinions; what a high value women set on his approval; knew that, in the most cultivated and fastidious circles, his verdict of persons and things passed unchallenged; knew the rare quality of the praise he had just bestowed on Genevieve Weir. But he could have cursed himself the moment after he had spoken.

The girl must have felt instinctively the unfitness of this speech. There was a little flash of pain or resentment in the sad, absent eyes. She bowed slightly —like a half-offended queen, the man thought. Alvin Darrow's opinions of herself could now be of no importance to Genevieve Weir. The man has no right to compliment the woman whose life he has wrecked to save his own.

There was no time to be lost if he would seize the next train. It was immensely important that Royl's uncle should be at home to meet his nephew on the young man's return.

"Will you try to forgive me? Will you shake hands with me, Genevieve Weir?" asked Alvin Darrow, in utter humiliation of soul.

"I will try to forgive you, Mr. Darrow," replied Genevieve, in a calm, weary voice, and she gave him her hand.

They parted without another word. But the man had gone only a short distance through the wood when some unaccountable impulse forced him to turn suddenly and look at Genevieve. She had thrown herself on the little rustic seat at the foot of the tree. Alvin Darrow saw her suddenly clasp her hands. She had probably forgotten that he might still be within reach of her voice. He heard her cry out with a sharp cry of exceeding agony: "But my heart is broken! O God, my heart is broken!"

(To be continued.)

FAREWELL.

BREATH of the dewy spring,
Tender, and soft, and low,
Whisper not notes of woe;
Bear on thy lightsome wing
Glad tidings to and fro.

Why should thy breathings be
Sad in the sombre pine?
While the young buds are thine,
Op'ning on hedge and tree,
Why should thy voice repine?

Autumn is time to weep,
Autumn with drooping flowers;
Leafless its faded bowers
Back to corruption creep,
Emblem of earthly powers.

Echo of "Fare thee well,"
Falls with relentless tone;
Wilder the soft notes swell,
Wailing adown the dell;
Ever farewell they moan.

JANE M. READ.

A PLEASANT HOME, AND HOW TO GET ONE.

RETURNING home rather later in the afternoon than usual, I took a short cut through a part of the town in which many of the poor people had their dwellings. The houses were small, and most of them had a neglected look. The paint was worn off the doors and windows; the gates to the little yards in front were, in too many instances, broken off, and there was a general air of comfortlessness and want of thrift that was sad to see.

Here and there you met with a pleasant exception —a house with a clean door-yard, in which flowers grew—the woodwork clean with paint; shades at the windows, around many of which grew flowering vines.

In the yard of one of these latter dwellings I saw a man working among the borders. I stopped at the gate, and as he looked up I recognized a journeyman carpenter who had often come jobbing to my house and store.

"Ah, Williams!" said I.

"Good-evening, sir," he answered, in the frank, pleased way of one who meets a friend.

"And this is your home?" I looked up at the pretty little house as I spoke.

"Yes, sir."

"Owned by you?"

"I made the last payment only yesterday. Won't you come in, sir? Excuse me for making so free, but I'm proud of my house, and want to be showing it. Mary—that's my wife—keeps it like a new pin."

I was interested, and so went into the house. It was plainly furnished, but neat and clean, and comfortable everywhere. In the kitchen was found Mrs. Williams washing up the supper things. Her hair and dress were tidy, the clean, wide-checked apron giving her a real housewifely look. She had a pleasant, contented face.

I sat down in the small parlor at Williams's invitation, and, as I did so, put this question: "Who live in the houses around you? Or, rather, what business do the men follow?"

"Oh! as to that, all kinds of business. Most of them are mechanics."

"Earning fair wages?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"From two to four dollars a day, according to what they work at. You see that miserable-looking house at the corner?" and he pointed from the window.

"Yes."

"Well, Michael Jones, who lives there, is one of the best front bricklayers to be found, and can earn his four dollars a day whenever he pleases—just a dollar a day more than I get."

"Does he own his house?"

"Oh, dear, no! He hardly owns himself."

"What's the matter?"

"Just what ails most all of them about here. Doesn't make the best of what he earns. Four dollars a day is twenty-four dollars a week—six dollars

a week more than I get. I've bought a house and paid for it, and Jones is in debt. Took me five years to do it; but what of that?"

"Maybe you haven't so expensive a family?" said I.

"We stand just about even there, sir. No, it isn't that. If Jones and his wife had been as careful and saving as we have been, they might now be living in a snug little house of their own, all paid for, and with a hundred or two dollars laid by."

"What has he done with his money?"

"It would be hard to tell; and yet," after a pause, "it wouldn't be so very hard, either, if one thought a little. In the beginning, he and his wife started wrong. He had earned good wages as a young man for three years, but hadn't a dollar ahead. All spent in self-indulgence and the formation of unthrifty habits. She had been in a bookbindery for as long a time, receiving fair wages, and with only light board to pay. She lived with a sister. But her earnings were spent in dress, or wasted in useless trifles. So, when they got married, they had nothing but the clothes on their backs; and, as far as Jones was concerned, even these were not paid for.

"But, with good health, industry, prudence and good wages, all might have been well and prosperous. Jones had good health and good wages, and he was an industrious, hard-working man; but both he and his wife lacked prudence and self-denial—and so it has not been well with them. Instead of renting two rooms, as Mary and I did, they must take a whole house, and go in debt for the furniture. So they started in debt, and debt has hung over them ever since. Twice in ten years they have been sold out by the sheriff. Jones thinks himself a most unfortunate man, and is always complaining of hard times."

"Does he drink?"

"Not to excess, as they say—that is, he never gets tipsy. But he has his glass of beer two or three times a day; and that is a draft on a small income that tells heavier than most men think."

"How much does Jones spend in this way?"

"If he limits himself to two glasses a day, at six cents a glass, the cost in one year will be forty-three dollars. But I imagine that between himself and his wife the annual expense will not fall short of a hundred dollars."

"Does his wife drink beer also?" I asked.

"She's a good deal run down—weakly, as they say—and both she and her husband think that a glass or two of bitter ale every day gives her strength."

"Do you think so?"

"No, sir. My wife has had her weak spells—got run down two or three times in her life; and the doctor has said, 'Let her have bitter ale.' But I found that rest, and change, and good, nourishing food soon brought her all right again."

"But every poor woman can't get the rest, and change, and good, nourishing food you speak of."

"I know it, sir—poor things!—and my wife couldn't have had it, either, if I, a strong, healthy

man, had spent forty or fifty dollars a year for drink, that did me more harm than good; or if we had spent everything as we went along, and laid by nothing for a rainy day."

"It's a bad case for the Joneses," said I.

"Very bad; and quite as bad for most of the people living about here. In eight cases out of ten, their beer money, if saved during the last five or six years, would have bought them little houses. I'm sorry for them, but more sorry for their children, growing up neglected, and with no right home influence. I talk to some of the men, and they see the better way, but are such slaves to habit. If it wasn't for tempting saloons right at their doors—these largest and best houses in the place, built out of the wasted hard earnings of these poor people—there would be hope for them. But, with appetites perverted and craving, self-denial with most of them is next to impossible. Oh, dear! I don't like to think of it, for it gives me a kind of heartache."

"Your example ought to help some of them to see and do better."

"Well, sir, I think it has. The little white house just over there," and he pointed down the street, "with the newly-painted green shutters, is a case in point. William Fleck was going on like the rest of them, spending everything he made, and getting nothing to show for it. When I moved in here about three years ago—a little set up, as you may believe, at being the owner of a house, though it wasn't all paid for then—of course, there was some talk about it among those who knew me. William Fleck and I worked in the same shop; and he took the thing a good deal to heart. 'I can't see how you've done it,' he said. 'You don't get any better wages than I do; and your family is, if anything, larger than mine.' 'Where there's a will there's a way,' I answered. 'I've got the will; show me the way,' said he, knitting his forehead, and looking almost fierce in his new resolution. 'Join a Building Association,' said I. 'They're getting up one over at Hendrick's among the men. Take five shares—you can do it as easily as not, if you will deny yourself a little. Five shares will take five dollars a month. In about nine years, if you go on paying regularly, when the Association winds up, you will have just one thousand dollars clear, although you have only paid in five hundred and forty dollars.'

"He opened his eyes wide enough. 'But,' said he, 'there isn't a safe look about that. How are five hundred and forty dollars going to increase to one thousand?' 'It's all plain enough when you look into the working of these Associations. No capital anywhere is invested more profitably or safely than in a well-managed Building Association, which may truly be called the poor man's friend.' 'But nine years is a long time to wait for a house,' said he, with a little disappointment in his manner. 'Just so,' I replied; 'and it's here where the Building Association comes in to help. After you have paid in for two or three years, or even a less time, the Association will let you have a loan, and take security on

the house you wish to buy. All you have to do, then, is to keep on paying your five dollars a month, and the interest on your loan, until the end of the nine or ten years from the time the Association started, when it will wind up, and the funds on hand be distributed among the members. If you have borrowed a thousand dollars to pay for your house, you will then have paid up the amount of your indebtedness, and the house will be clear; if only eight hundred was the amount of the loan you received, you will get two hundred more in cash as your share of the assets on hand.' 'Ah! is that it?' said Fleck, looking more determined than ever; 'then here goes for the Building Association.'

"And sure enough, on the very next day he went and took five shares in the new Association. That was three years ago; and you see in his pretty little cottage the result. He said to me only yesterday, as we were walking past the new saloon, just down at the corner, which cost over ten thousand dollars to build and fit up, 'The boards now in my little snugger might have gone into that house, but for your good example and the help of a Building Association. Why, Williams, I've actually saved from beer and whisky money enough to build my house! And, what is better still, my head is clearer for lack of stimulating drinks; there is at least a third more of good working force in my muscles—and I am free from the danger of becoming a soot.'"

I had remained longer than I intended, and now arose and bid my journeyman friend good-bye. As I went out, I turned to look at his pleasant home, and then at some of the miserable abodes that surrounded it, and my heart yearned for the poor people, and yearned also to help them. But there is only one way to help the most of them, and that is, to move them to help themselves. And this can best be done by such of their fellow-workmen as have themselves practiced self-denial, economy and temperance, and proved their worth. Men like Williams can, if they will, do a vast amount of good; and this not by example only, but by personal efforts among those who need to be helped into better ways, and encouraged to walk therein. Let such men not be content simply to enjoy the good they have, but do all in their power to help others to gain like inestimable benefits.

T. S. A.

LET your conversation be with those by whom you may accomplish yourself best; for virtue never returns with so rich a cargo, as when it sets sail from such continents. Company, like climates, alters complexions; and ill company, by a kind of contagion, doth insensibly infect us; soft and tender natures are apt to receive any impressions. Alexander learned his drunkenness of Leonides, and Nero his cruelty of his barber.

A WOMAN once called her little boy "a jewel" for doing something that pleased her, but a little while after she chased him out of the house for doing something bad, when the little fellow put his head in at the window, and cried out, "You'll never get rich, ma, if you throw away jewels like that!"

NOT A GHOST.

CHAPTER I.

JEM was not handsome. He was not well knit. His members seemed loosely held together, and he was a trembling, uncertain, weak, little man. He was a tailor by trade—and he was not a good tailor. His work was loosely put together, like himself. Jem did not want to do poor work. He tried to do it well, but his hands trembled; his fingers all seemed to be thumbs, and his eyes were weak, and after working a little while they usually became inflamed, and he had to stop and rest them. Thus it was that not only was his work not very good, but there was not much of it.

Jem was neither young nor old. He had not the inexperience of youth to recommend him to tender judgment, nor the sacredness of old age to commend him to reverent regard. He was middle-aged, and his straight, coarse, yellow hair, which his wife denominated sandy, was slightly sprinkled with gray. He had not a good feature in his face, and at the time our story opens, the features, such as they were, had just been drawn up altogether, as old ladies draw up their work-bags into one concentrated pucker, and Jem was shaking his head as wildly as a colt that won't be caught. His eyes smarted. He had wanted to finish a pair of pants for a customer who had required them at a certain hour, and he had overtaxed himself and was paying the penalty, and he stood and almost danced with the pain, and smart, and the itching. In the paroxysm Jem could not keep his hands away from his eyes, and even the momentary touch made them worse. A low moan came from the little tailor.

This brought a sad-looking woman, with a sharp nose, to the door which communicated with an inner room.

"I should think you would have learned better by this time than to work yourself up into one of these spells. Stand there, Jem Haskins, whinneying like a horse or a jackass; what'll the neighbors think of such a pow-wow? I'd be a man and bear it, if I'd brought it on myself, as you have done."

"I didn't mean to stick so steady to it, Jenny; but we needed the money for the flour and tea, and Si Robbins's pants had to be done to get it, and I've finished 'em and sent 'em, but I couldn't help a-running down the gamut to express myself, my dear. My eyes do itch uncommon, and they smart like fire."

"Do you know what'll come next?"

"Joe Redfield's coat and the boy's roundabout. They're next promised. It's a wonder folks will put up with my work as they do."

"Put up with your ridiculously low prices; that's what they put up with, and you haven't the wit to see it."

"I haven't the conscience to charge 'em any more for such work, Jenny."

"I know you haven't got a conscience, or you wouldn't go on making yourself blind and helpless, and a burden to your family."

"Si Robbins is a good customer; we couldn't afford to lose him, and his work was promised sure."

"The more fool *you*, to promise. You know you can't depend upon yourself to keep your word. You ain't but half a man."

"I'm 'journey-work,' I know, Jenny, but then there has to be some in the world, I suppose. Bring a mug of water, dear, I can't open my blinkers to find it, and my head isn't very good to argue, the talk's a little wearin', and I must cool myself off somehow."

The woman reached and took an earthen mug from the shelf.

"Do you know what'll come next?" she returned, as she dipped the mug into the pail.

"Joe Redfield's coat," again began the little tailor, "and—"

"Stupid! The next thing that'll come'll be the loss of your eyes entirely, and then you'll be on my hands to take care of. Do you think it's honest to your folks to go on this way, making yourself a burden?"

The tailor set the untasted cup he had just taken down on the bench and dropped his head in his hands, and said, with a convulsive sort of a gasp, that shook him like a reed: "You're a woman of penetration, Jenny. Things generally turn out as you say they will," and he broke into a great sob.

"Jem Haskins, you drive me distracted. That's the fooliesthing you can do," screamed his wife. "Sit there, crying like a baby. If you don't want to set me ravin', do be a man."

"I can't, Jenny; I've tried, and tried, and I can't. I'm no better than a ghost. A ghost can love and want to help, and feel the need of a body to work through, like enough, if they see how things go on down here; and I ain't better than a ghost. There, shut the door and leave me, Jenny; go." The last words were said with a sudden change of manner, and the little tailor's swaying body suddenly grew erect, and he was calm.

The shadows gathered deeper in the room, and the moon shone in through the uncurtained windows.

"O Lord Jesus!" said the little tailor. "I've got to talk to somebody, and it comes into my mind again that you was a workingman, and lived among working-folks. I don't feel well enough to pray. I don't know what to ask for, I'm so mixed up in mind, and my eyes won't bear to my reading a verse in Thy Word to steady myself. But I must speak out; and I remember, just this minute, that they said, when you came back home again, 'Is not this the carpenter?' and I'm considering if you remember all about it; if you ever worked in a shop, and if the work ever went the wrong way. O Lord Jesus, come right into my shop, now, and tell me if it's possible you understand these things, or I shall make a ghost of myself some time before I know it. When she talks so, somehow, for minute, it don't seem as though it would be wicked to start and run like mad till I came to a railroad-crossing, with the train a-coming sweepin' round the bend, or till I jump right over High Rock, full drive, into the river; it's deep down there;

but, then, I remember, perhaps the Lord Jesus don't want me there; where would I be, I wonder; and maybe He does want me right here, in this old shop. O Lord Jesus, I've got to talk to somebody. I can't pray. I don't know what to ask for. Give me anything that you see best, if it's, yes," and another convulsive sob came up, "if it's the poor-house! But let me think out loud before you. I want to know that somebody's *there*. I'm glad it's a workingman that hears me, even if he is the King that every knee shall bow to. O Lord Jesus, if I could just see that shop where you worked, so that I could believe it. I've read the Gospels a good many times. I can say half of John by heart, and I can say some chapters in Mark and Matthew, and I'm glad I've got so much against I'm blind, as Jenny says I will be—and she's a woman of penetration; but, O Lord Jesus, if I may 'think right on' this way, before Thee, I want to say that I don't find it anywhere that the work was done by miracle, or that Thou didst work some great invention. Oh, didst Thou come and 'work it out' like us, with Thy holy hands? It seems too much. They just said, 'Is not this the carpenter?' and they said it in scorn of Thy mighty works. I can't 'be a man' as Jenny tells about. I'm poor and weak, but I can keep to work when I think of all this. Somebody is *there* that knows all about it. O Lord, why don't my children like me better? Sometimes I wish they were all babies again. They used to let me hold them, and coo and play with me. Maybe I'm a fool. Sometimes I think a better family no man ever had. Jenny, she keeps things neat. But, my little girl—shoo! what a fool I am!—but my little girl wouldn't give her father a little, silly ginger-cookie to-day, when she was a-taking a whole panful out of the oven. I didn't want the cookie, only because her pretty little fingers turned them out, and she spoke just as she would to a dog. 'Those are for the table, sir,' when I reached to take one. I wanted to praise 'em, and tell her she would soon keep house as well as her mother; and that was just what she said. I wonder why my family don't like me better? I wouldn't care if they would honor Him that made them, or let me speak about Him. They won't wait when I want to ask a blessing at the table. I suppose the children take it from their mother. She's got a contempt for me because I can't get money faster; but I keep to work. He that knows all things knows how it will all turn out; but, if I may ask so much, I don't want to be a burden to any, O Lord Jesus, I don't want to be a burden to any! Be gracious to me, and let me finish the roundabout this week; and let my eyes hold out to do the coat, and that will finish paying up the rent and keep us over Sunday, and I can rest 'em, then, one day, O Lord!"

CHAPTER II.

"HOW long grandmother sleeps!" said Florence Ivison, "and the toast is all made and the tea ready for the boiling water. Annie," calling to a woman who entered from another room, "will you sit here till I come back, or grandmother wakens?"

It is a great event for her to go out to dinner to-morrow, and she has set her heart upon wearing her bombazine dress, and there's not a bit of twist in the house for the buttonholes. I will just step down to Haskins's before it gets any later. I am sure he will let me have some, and I can work a little on it tonight, and a good deal in my room before she is up in the morning, so she will not find out what a job it is to finish it." And the graceful girl adjusted her hat, and hurriedly threw a shawl around her, and stepped out into the street. Down past the cottages she flew, and past the bake-shop and the little tin-shop, and pushed open Jem Haskins's door. She tapped upon seeing no one present, but there was no response; and she hesitated, as from behind the screen which hid the portion of the apartment communicating with the inner rooms of the family, she distinguished the words: "There, shut the door and leave me, Jenny; go."

The young girl tapped again, but the loud tones of some drunken stragglers passing at that moment drowned the sound in noisy oaths and rollicking measure of "Little Brown Jug," and while she thought, "What shall I do? I dare not go further; grandmother will be alarmed; and yet I must have the twist," the words of Jem Haskins's talk before the Lord Jesus took possession of her from his first utterance, rather than penetrated merely the organ of hearing, as she stood in the attitude of departure, yet with head slightly bent in involuntary reverence and arrest at the utterance of the Holy Name in invocation.

How long the tailor talked there in the moonlight we do not know, but Florence Ivison heard, as in a dream, no more than is recorded. She noiselessly lifted the latch and stepped outside. Momentarily she dropped her face in her hands before she gathered her shawl closer around her, and said: "Dear Jesus, let me be Thy servant now, and skill me to the task." And after one or two false efforts to find a side or back entrance to the house, she reached the family-room, and Mrs. Haskins dropped her uplifted hand, sparing little Tom a boxed ear, to open the door for the young lady.

Florence did not pause for more than an instant to notice the group of surprised, inquisitive faces. She said: "Mrs. Haskins, I have such a favor to ask of you, or of your husband, and I would rather speak to you about it first, if you please."

"To be sure," said Mrs. Haskins.

"Without any preparation for the work, I suddenly find that there is a great necessity that I should understand something, at least, of the trade your husband follows. Do you suppose that he would be willing to show me; to give me a few private lessons? I would, of course, pay him for them."

Jane Haskins gazed in the glowing face of the earnest speaker in open-mouthed wonder.

"I would be very glad to take a lesson to-morrow. I can do plain seams on the machine very well; and if Mr. Haskins has any work that he dare trust me with, I would pay him for letting me have the use of

his material until I can get something else to work on."

"The land's sakes, Miss Ivison!"

"I have to stay at home to wait on grandmother when she needs attention; and to-morrow, though she is going out to dinner, I must be at home to answer any calls there may be from my patrons, who often order pictures from me. But if Mr. Haskins will be so kind as to come up at eleven o'clock, after I see grandmother off, and give me a lesson, I will consider it a very great favor. Ask him to come this once, if no more, and bring any work that he can to show me on. And, O Mrs. Haskins, will you oblige me by letting me have some twist for buttonholes? There is no light in the shop, and I must hurry back to grandmother."

Florence quickly removed her hat and shawl as she re-entered the house on reaching home, and returned to the little sitting-room. Annie sat there still, and the grandmother stirred softly as she came in, and said: "Dearie?"

"Yes, darling," responded Florence, lingering a moment by the open grate to have the chill taken from her garments before she approached and knelt by the lounge. "Are you waking up a little bit at a time, grandmother? Are you getting ready for your tea?"

"Presently," said the sweet old lady. Then turning on her side, and finally sitting erect, "Why it appears to me I've been sleeping a long time, Floy. I had a beautiful dream, dear. I dreamed about your mother. Part of the time it seemed as though it was your mother, though I don't remember whether I knew she had risen out of the body or not, in my dream; and part of the time it seemed as though it was you; but whether it was you or your mother I dreamed about, it seemed as though somebody was being helped, and," added she, reverently, "as though the angels had a satisfaction on account of what was being done. It was a singular dream. However, I do not often speak or think about dreams; but this was a very pleasant one."

"No," in response to Floy's question, "you need not get a tray. I will sit up to the table and take my tea. I feel very much refreshed."

The grandmother's nap had lasted so long that she was indisposed to retire early, and Florence thought with dismay of the stitches to be set in the bombazine dress, which the dear lady wished particularly to wear, but would not, had she known that the young lady intended it, have let Floy try her pretty eyes upon. She believed it had been finished long before by the dressmaker, and Florence did not wish her to know that it had been impossible to incur a dressmaker's bill at that time. In short, the dear grandmother, whose life had always been a sheltered one, had no idea that the family income had, years before, been cut off, and that her widowed daughter, now in Heaven, had, with her young daughter's help, used every resource to maintain their little home. With their faithful Annie's aid, they had succeeded in keeping from her any care or excitement which

would tend to aggravate the disease of the heart which physicians had pronounced incurable, yet which might, by close precautions, be long held in check.

Florence felt her fingers getting nervous for her needle before her grandmother thought of releasing her from her society that night; but going to the kitchen for a glass of water, there the young girl found Annie hard at work.

"Oh, I am so glad you've come, Miss Florence. I made bold to get your grandmother's dress to work on a bit. I don't dare touch the buttonholes; but I done as much as I could, and hope it's right."

"A heavy lift you've given me, Annie. Just like you, too. If you'll only be sure to call me early in the morning, and let grandmother sleep as late as she wishes, so I can keep at work, I'll get it done without any trouble now, I think."

CHAPTER III.

THE dress not only fitted to a charm, but the dainty bows had been re-adjusted on her cap to the grandmother's satisfaction, when Mrs. Winthrop's carriage and handsome bays drove up to the door to take the dear lady up to spend the day with the charming old woman who had been her girlhood's friend. Mrs. Winthrop herself came for her, and Annie and Floy brought the precious charge to the carriage-door, and William almost lifted her in. Then Floy waved good-bye, and ran into the house and prepared to take her lesson, while Annie went away to the other side of the town to see her sister.

"I wonder," thought Floy to herself, as she got on a chair to reach for a bowl of jelly that was on a high shelf in the china closet, "if I said anything wrong to Mrs. Haskins last night? I haven't had time to consider since I hurried home, I've been so busy. It is certainly true that I 'haven't had any preparation' for doing the work of a tailor; and it positively does seem to me that, so long as I am brought to have a knowledge of the severe distress of such a true follower and worshiper of our blessed Lord as Mr. Haskins is, that there is a great 'necessity' that I should relieve him; and to that end it seems essential that I should understand something of the trade he follows, if I am going to get at the root of the matter. I have very little money to give, and it would very likely give offense if I were to offer it. I might go and offer to read to him, but I doubt if that would not make unpleasant feeling in his family, and might seem officious. It seemed to me, when I lifted my heart for direction, that the blessed Master would perhaps use me to help this suffering brother of His in his own line of action, and in the orderly course of his legitimate trade."

Just here it seemed as though some confusing, mocking influence came into the young girl's heart. It did not form itself into words. Had it done so, they would have been like these:

"Florence Ivison, you are just the person to undertake such Quixotic plans for aiding unfortunate humanity. You haven't any invalid, delicately-nurtured grandmother to support in the same tender,

careful way your precious mother cared for and protected her after the family income was cut off. You haven't any orders to fill for pictures. You haven't any scholars in French and painting that tax all your patience. You don't have to sit up nights and get up early, so as to do the tasks that leave you free to attend to your grandmother. Oh, no, you are a person of leisure! Don't you think, now, it would be more of a Christian duty to sit down and touch up that pretty little picture of yours in water-colors, with view to a possible purchaser this week, so that you can replenish the larder, and, perhaps, give patient Annie some of her back wages? Wouldn't it be a greater act of justice than to give your day to trying in such an erratic way to help a man who is almost a stranger, and has no possible claim upon you? Don't you think, Florence Ivison, that you have about as much on your shoulders as you can carry? Don't you think that charity begins at home?"

Florence stood there, in the china closet, gazing at the dainty blossoms on some china cups and saucers, old enough to have come over in the May Flower, while this mocking questioning went on in wordless ideas in her mind.

Then she dropped her face in her hands, and said: "Dear Lord Jesus, I do not fully know the way; lead me, show me. Thou hast given me many duties, but Thou hast also brought me to know the distress of one of Thy friends and followers. How could my heart but spring to help him, since he is so near to Thee; and hast Thou not said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these.' How can we minister unto Thee, O blessed Lord, except through these Thy loved and loyal ones? Forgive me, if I should not take the time to-day; and lead me safely, for Thy Name's sake."

Very soon the door-bell rang, and Florence, opening the door, discovered the little tailor standing there, with a large basket on his arm. Jem was feeling weak in body, and, like many of the noblest and most superior men, he at times felt an unaccountable diffidence in the presence of ladies. The color mounted to the roots of his hair, and the greeting he essayed to give in response to Floy's "Good-morning, Mr. Haskins, I was looking for you," threatened to die inarticulate on his lips. Florence, however, holding the door swung wide, and looking—so Jem Haskins thought—like a stately flower sprung up from the mosses at her feet—for, as such appeared the soft rugs and the green, bright carpet on the floor—stood motionless and listened intently, with eager, questioning gaze, till the stammered sentence was "all out."

"Mrs. Haskins said that you wanted me to call to-day and give you some assistance."

"Mrs. Haskins was very kind to give you the message. I have been expecting you," said Florence, extending her hand, and soon Jem was seated in the bright, little sitting-room, before the grate, which was all in a glow, and the young lady had drawn up a low rocker, and with upturned, earnest face, was solicit-

ing information about seams, and linings, and interlinings, buttonholes and bindings, and discussing with interest respective merits of Howe's, Wheeler & Wilson's and Florence Sewing Machines; and Jem never knew how in the world he did it, and he was frightened half out of his wits when he found he had done it, but in behalf of the merits of the "Florence," and in allusion to "beautiful Florence," the "schoolmaster" of the world, which it somehow suggested, he perpetrated a very neat compliment to his hostess, or pupil, whom all the street knew from her long residence among them, in a general way, as "Florence Ivison." It was so delicately turned, and indicated, as much by a bow and involuntary expression of countenance, expressing respect, as by the words that it would not have called for notice, if self-conviction of gallantry had not overcome the little tailor, who colored again to the roots of his hair, and exclaimed nervously:

"Indeed, Miss Ivison, I beg your pardon; I had not the least idea of being impertinent, and did not consider the words until they were spoken. Something about your room or your talk seems to bring back all the books I ever read. I haven't done much reading or thinking for a great while, and those two or three ideas were such strangers, I couldn't help the collision. I beg you will believe I hadn't the slightest intention of being impertinent."

"I know you didn't mean it in the least, and I'm sure the compliment was a very pretty one," said Floy, innocently. "A person can't help the fanciful shapes their ideas take sometimes any more than Pope could help 'lisping in numbers, for the numbers came.'"

"Alexander Pope?"

"Yes," said Floy, wonderingly. "Do you remember him?"

"Well, it seems good to hear one of the old names again! I used to have the care of a minister's study; that is, I used to make his fires and admit his visitors, and after awhile he gave me the care of his bookshelves, and I used to pick up considerable out of the books when I dusted 'em. It seems to me the minister didn't think as much of Pope as of some poet head and shoulders above him, wasn't he? The one that had something to do with politics in Cromwell's time. The minister taught me to parse out of his writings."

"You don't mean Milton, do you?" suggested Floy, still more wonderingly.

"Yes, Milton. His 'Paradise Lost' was the book I used to get the headache over. Seems to me the minister thought Pope was rather small fry side of him. Strange how lively all those things come back to me."

"Well, I'm much obliged to you for your comparison," said Floy, rising and laughing, "for I remember I've got a 'small fry' to attend to myself. There is the newspaper, and I'll be back in a few minutes." And she was leaving the room with a quick step, when Jem rose to his feet.

"I'm at your service, you know, Miss Ivison,"

glancing nervously around to catch sight of a clock, with a sudden remembrance that he hadn't set a stitch since he came.

"Yes, I know, thank you. I'm not quite ready to begin to sew. I will have to make up lost time after I once get about it," and the bright-faced girl flitted out of the room and into the kitchen, where the fresh fish "fry," already in the pan, was quickly placed over the coals; potatoes were sliced in a trice, a pot of fresh coffee prepared and one of Annie's nice pies set into the oven to warm. Then the table was daintily laid, and presently Floy's face appeared again at the sitting-room door. "Will you walk out this way, Mr. Haskins?"

Mr. Haskins walked out with alacrity; but when Florence designated a cushioned seat at the table for him to occupy, he gazed wildly for his hat.

"Indeed, Miss Ivison, I will go home and come back again. I had no idea it was so late."

"Please sit down, Mr. Haskins."

"Indeed, I have no occasion, Miss Ivison."

"How is it," said Florence, soberly, "that you have so much the advantage over other people, that you feel no necessity for eating?"

"I mean," said the tailor, with a twinkle of merriment in his gentle but faded eyes, "that—but excuse me—" he broke off abruptly; and in his embarrassment he put himself into the offered seat, and felt invigorated already by the fragrance of the Mocha.

"Mr. Haskins," said Florence, in the little pause that fell between them, "will you ask a blessing?"

The head that was sprinkled with gray, the head that so often ached with its planning and its close application to poorly-paid work, bowed reverently.

"Dear Lord Jesus," said the little tailor, "the words do not come fit to thank Thee for all Thy goodness. Wilt Thou give us Thy presence, and bless this kind young lady? Wilt Thou bless all this household, and care for all its interests? Wilt Thou feed our souls with the bread that cometh down from Heaven, and bring us into Thine eternal kingdom for Thy Name's sake? Amen."

"I am much obliged to you for your company to-day, Mr. Haskins," said Florence, presently. "Grandmother and Annie are out, and I should have no appetite were I to sit down alone, and there would be nobody to help me to fish while I pour the coffee; or would you rather have it afterwards with your pie?"

His goose and press-board, the boy's roundabout, and various other things, were in the tailor's basket, which was opened after dinner. Florence sought minute directions, and worked faithfully and fast.

"I should never have thought of all these nice little knacks of turning, and twisting, and trimming," said the new apprentice. "Don't let me spoil anything, but let me do every bit that I can alone, and I shall learn the faster."

"You put a more finished touch to the work already than I can," said the tailor. "I cannot guide

my hands at times, and it all goes wrong. It is only the art of preparing the work and skill in pressing, and a few other little things, that you require."

"And, now," said Floy, when it was time for her tutor to depart, "I wish that you could come for a couple of hours to me to-morrow afternoon. I inquired this morning, when I was down-town on an errand, the value of a man's time in trades like yours; and here is payment, as I calculated it," slipping an envelope containing money in his hands. "If it is not right, you can tell me."

"But, Miss Ivison, I do not think I ought to receive payment."

"Why not?"

"You have nearly made my roundabout for me, and I take it away with me."

"Of course; a pupil doesn't expect to possess the blackboard he is taught to make figures on, and wouldn't know what to do with it. It is the knowledge how to put together a roundabout that I pay for. I'm glad I haven't spoiled your material. Here is a little bouquet for Mrs. Haskins," cutting a few flowers and green leaves from her window-plants; "and these little ones are left for a buttonhole bouquet, if you will do me the favor to wear them, to please your little girl at home; and here is an illustrated newspaper the children may like to look at," slipping it into his basket, and opening the door for him to pass out.

The tailor turned at the threshold, and his lip trembled as he spoke.

"Miss Ivison, I believe in prayer."

"So do I, most fervently," said Miss Ivison.

"I prayed last night as I never prayed before; or rather, I talked my heart out before the Lord, and I believe He heard me."

"I haven't a doubt of it," said Florence.

"And," said the tailor, "if I may be permitted to say so, I think that you are the messenger He has sent to answer the prayer," and he pulled his hat low down over his eyes to hide his feeling, and pushed out into the street and on through the sleet, which was just beginning to fill the air, and the spicy perfume of the pink in his buttonhole was not stolen by the rising wind. The boy's roundabout, needing little work to finish it, was in his basket; the entertainment of the picture-paper lay beside it, for the little ones; good payment for two-thirds of a day's work was in his vest-pocket; and, better still, gratitude, new faith, new self-respect, renewed courage in his heart, while an influence stole into the spirit of Florence Ivison, kindred to that she might have felt could she have heard angelic voices softly chanting, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ."

CHAPTER IV.

"HOW often does your tutor come, Floy?" asked the grandmother, who puzzled herself in a sweet, wondering way about "Floy's freak," as she termed it.

"He is very obliging," laughed Floy. "He lets

me make appointments at my own convenience," and the young apprentice went on correcting a French exercise.

The grandmother smiled softly and amusedly.

"Perfection in any branch of needlework is truly a very pretty accomplishment in a gentlewoman," she said, "though it seems to me to be going out of vogue, and you mustn't be annoyed if it makes me smile, Floy, to see you going about it in such an energetic, business-like way! I don't wonder that you need to recruit yourself with substantials. I see your tray is prepared in the china closet. Put on some of the white grapes that Mrs. Huntington sent me."

Floy colored, hesitated and said nothing, but went to admit Jem. She was so truthful that she shrank from having a false construction put upon her actions, and yet she did not wish to explain.

The truth was, that notwithstanding Jem had always succeeded in keeping the wolf from the door; though, as we have seen, having sometimes a desperate fight to do so, yet the children's clamor and his wife's fault-finding at meals so acted upon the finely-attuned spirit of the little man, that appetite was a stranger, and the thin, attenuated, trembling hands impressed Floy painfully. Frequently she prepared, before his coming, a tray with a tempting lunch, while waiting for the goose to heat or the sewing machine to get over a tantrum, saying they "would all work the better for taking a refreshing crumb," and urging the tailor to determine, by trial, the question between her and Annie, as to whether the chocolate were too sweet, or the sandwiches just right, or the salad seasoned as it should be, or the tea too strong.

Floy had Annie come and share her lesson when she could, and they got on the faster. Mr. Haskins was only permitted to criticize and direct.

Jem's orders began to increase. His work obtained new favor with his patrons, and they spoke one to another of his reasonable prices, prompt execution and durable work. Jem looked in better health. His step was more manly and he looked happier.

But Floy gazed in dismay at her rapidly collapsing purse, into which expected funds came not. She knew that she could afford but two or three lessons more, and she tried to devise some further means of relief for her friend in the household of faith.

Stepping, one day, into the shop, to say that she must postpone to-morrow's lesson, she saw Bessie Haskins, Jem's oldest daughter, idling there.

"Do you help your father, sometimes?" asked Floy, pleasantly.

"La, no! I'm going to take music lessons next winter. Ma says so!"

Floy repressed a smile, and asked with eagerness: "Would you like to take painting lessons?"

"I don't know," said the girl, blankly.

"You come up and look at my pictures, and see if you want to learn to make some like them."

"Yes'm," said Bessie, as though conferring a favor, and Floy reflected within herself, as she went out.

"Maybe, if she has ambition to learn anything, how-

ever unsuited to her circumstances, I may be able to graft upon that desire something that may prove useful."

When Floy told Bessie that it was by making pictures, and teaching others to make them, she got her money to buy bows and neckties, and take lessons in tailoring, the girl's love of dress was brought into action, and she wanted to learn Floy's beautiful art. As her teacher expected, she soon tired of it. She believed Floy when told that she could earn money easier wherewith to buy neckties and take music lessons by learning to do such work as her father did.

"Oh, I wouldn't be a tailoress!" exclaimed Bessie. "Ma says it isn't at all genteel!"

Floy was puzzled. "Your mother is right," she said, "if she means a poor tailoress, one who does her work badly, as so many do. 'Genteel' means polite, refined, elegant. It isn't 'genteel' to do any kind of work in an awkward, coarse, inelegant way. It isn't 'polite' to do a man's work for him in a slip-shod way that isn't serviceable, and graceful, and finished. Many a tailoress does this; but you, I hope, would not work so ungenteelly."

The girl looked at her in wide-eyed wonder.

Floy continued: "To make neat, warm, well-fitting garments for little boys to wear to school, and to keep doctors comfortable when they go to cure sick folks," and Floy's eyes kindled with soft light, "and to keep colliers warm while they get the fuel to make it like summer in our churches, and school-rooms, and music-halls. Why, I think it is perfectly beautiful to be a *good* tailoress! I don't know but I should keep putting up little prayers all the time for the boys and men I made coats for; I don't know but I should keep asking that while they were kept warm by my work, their hearts might be kept warm by God's love in them."

Stupid in false pride and wrong teaching though the girl was, the words interested and told upon her from their very novelty. She astonished her father soon after by asking him to show her how to help him. But untrained fingers made bad work. Jem could not trust material to her, and she was too ambitious to begin with rudiments.

"Your father has time to show anybody but his own family. He never can take any trouble for them!" Jane Haskins was saying, tauntingly, one day, when Floy came in and saw at a glance the state of things.

Crossing the room swiftly, she whispered to Bessie, while she laid some flowers in her lap: "Come up this afternoon and see me, and I will show you how to work." And she did so at odd intervals, while attending to the drawing-class that sat around the table in the same room.

CHAPTER V.

UNDER the leafless branches of the maples, Floy's light step and willowy form sped rapidly from Hunt Street, and the Home of the Friendless,

down through McClure and Cherry, till she stopped before the law-office of Mitchell & Voorhees, and after a single moment's hesitation, entered.

"I suppose, Cousin Mitchell," she said, "it is quite needless for me to trouble you with the question whether you saw Mr. Noble to-day, as you told me you would do so; but my anxiety will not let go of me till I hear something about it."

Cousin Mitchell stuck his pen behind his ear, turned on his high stool and looked at Floy.

"I haven't had time to see Noble to-day," he said, carelessly.

Floy looked as though she had been struck a blow.

"Why, you told me you would! What shall I do?" said Floy.

"Oh, bluff him off; tell him you can't pay it at present, but will when you can. That's the way these things are done."

Floy felt as though it would be a relief to get into the open air. She simply bowed to the representative of the law on the high stool, and glided out of the office.

"If I had put a handsome fee into Mitchell's hands in the beginning, he would have attended to my business better; but I could not. I'd rather have submitted to the thumb-screw than to have failed to take up that note, and to-day is the last day of grace. It was of sheer clemency that Mr. Noble proposed to take my note instead of requiring immediate payment. Mr. Oglevie told me he would send me the amount last Thursday on the lot which he but partially paid for, with which amount I expected to make payment to Mr. Noble. Cousin Mitchell said he would see Mr. Oglevie and remind him that he had not kept his word. He saw him, but did not say one word about it. I wrote Mr. Noble I would bridge over the delinquency in payment, and see him to-day; but Cousin Mitchell wanted me to do that copying this morning for him, and said he would see Mr. Noble and explain for me. Oh," said Floy, buttoning the upper button of her cloak more snugly, as a blast came sweeping round the corner, "everything runs in grooves in this world, and the motive power to start action in the grooves is for the most part money. My august cousin would have served me had I feed him as I would a waiter at a hotel. But, O Captain Miles Sandish! renowned and staunch little captain of Plymouth, I return with new allegiance to my favorite motto, borrowed from you. When trusted, it never yet failed me:

' If you want a thing done,
Do it yourself.'

And Floy stepped into a stationer's to buy some drawing-paper. So intent was she upon her own thoughts, that standing, absent-minded, gazing at a stack of tooth-picks while the clerk was executing her order, she was not aware of any one's immediate vicinity, till a gentleman's voice at her side said: "I hope, Miss Floy, that there are dinners enough to match all those tooth-picks! Was that what you were thinking about?"

HIS DEAR LITTLE WIFE.

Floy started and looked quickly up to the cloaked figure and the fine face wearing, at the moment, a humorous expression, and recognized the Rev. Mr. Ellery.

"O Mr. Ellery, was I gazing the inoffensive little packages out of countenance?"

"I'll absolve you from any rudeness to their sensitive feelings, on condition you tell me what grave concern is upon your mind to-day," he said, respectfully, as they left the store together.

"A case of conscience fit to be referred to a learned dominie. The claims of mercy and justice respectively. Whether I should have been at work upon this drawing-paper in the duties of my vocation, or following my heart, and going up to 'The Home' this afternoon."

"Oh, you have been up there?"

"I went to see if I could do anything for that little Jimmy Andrews, that was run over in the street and carried there to-day."

"I have just heard about him. How did you find him?"

"Suffering not a little. Mrs. Edwards had quantities of lint and bandages, and everything in order; but she was so faint from the sight of blood, she could not do much for him. I dressed some of his hurts over again, and sung him to sleep. He was resting quietly when I came away."

"Clearly your conscience question is answered, then. God needed a hand to minister, and yours was ready. Miss Floy, we need another influence at the Home. The institution is young, and Mr. and Mrs. Edwards not only need the place, but are most worthy, and do their part well as to kindness, maintenance of order and good housekeeping. But we need a home centre, a more decided religious influence and personal tenderness."

"You want an old hen to cluck and cover up the chickens with her feathers," said Floy.

"Yes."

"And you want a sort of chaplain, or what Ralph Wells says he has sometimes been called, 'a little minister,' to furnish a vital atmosphere of spiritual sunshine for the young plants to drink in with every breath."

"You state the need exactly. And we really could afford to pay such a person, and make her general governess or tutor, or whatever the term might be. Ah, there is the corner of State Street, where I must leave you. We are invited to a Thanksgiving dinner, at a late hour to-morrow, at the Hundingtons, but if your grandmother would let me take a cup of chocolate with her, at lunch time, I should be happy to come around and do so. I seldom get an opportunity to call on her.

MARY E. COMSTOCK.

(Concluded in next number.)

DIogenes, on being asked, "Of which beast is the biting the most dangerous?" answered, "If you mean wild beasts, 'tis the slanderer; if tame ones, the flatterer."

HIS DEAR LITTLE WIFE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRIAM, AND THE LIFE SHE LAID DOWN."

CHAPTER VI.

MATERNITY.

A YEAR has passed—a year that opened with the sunniest of skies, arching over a world of entrancing beauty. In the green and flowery vistas that lay beyond, hope and joy stood beckoning. Life was delight, and the future the gate to new delights.

A little while—ah, how brief the time!—and a cold mist, very faint, and scarcely observed at first, came creeping over this sunny sky. As the months increased the mist became more palpable, and began folding itself together here and there in denser masses, that took on threatening shapes. Then came a startling flash and a distant roll of thunder. A storm was rising, and ere long it fell with its tears, its wrecks and its desolations. But it passed, the sun breaking through the rent clouds, and shining down brightly again; yet, not finding all as fair and beautiful as before—for the storm had left many signs of its passage.

Never again, during all the year, was the sky wholly free from clouds, nor from the cold, dim vapors that robbed the sun of half its warmth and brightness. If the storm did not break again, the sky grew colder and darker, until, at last, the sun's place in the heavens was no longer visible. Then a chilling rain began falling into the heart of the half-despairing little wife.

But, lo! there came a quick sun-burst. Back rolled the parting clouds from the sky of Rose's life, and the blue heavens, quivering in light, bent calmly and sweetly over her! She seemed as one new-born into Heaven; and, as she lay, white almost as a snow-drift, with one arm around Archie's neck, and the other holding the tiniest of babies close to her breast, it seemed as if her heart would break from very excess of joy.

Words would fail us in any attempt to describe that baby. It was the miniature image of its beautiful mother, with every perfection of form and feature more exquisitely moulded. Was there a prouder or a happier man in town than Archie Lester? Was there a dearer little wife, or a sweeter baby in all the world? In his opinion, there was not. So great was his delight, that, for two or three mornings after the baby was born, he did not so much as grumble if his coffee were lukewarm, his chops burnt or his breakfast five minutes behind time.

Dear, tender, loving little wife and mother! Into what a new world had she now awakened—a world that seemed, as she stepped across its threshold and breathed its first sweet airs, to be full of blessedness. The angels that came with her baby to be its loving

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by T. S. ARTHUR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

guardians, came very near to her as well, and filled her heart with a measure of their ineffable peace. Nothing of the jar, or fret, or harsh discord of the world was suffered to intrude upon the atmosphere of tranquility in which she dwelt. Yes, it did seem to her as if she were born into Heaven. Ah, if this could have lasted! If we could only drop our story here!

A week of blessedness, and then a jar trembled through the peaceful atmosphere in which her soul was dwelling. Whose hand sent this jar into her life? It was the hand of her husband—the hand of him whose tongue seemed never to grow weary in telling how sweet and dear she was, nor of recounting her charms. He was so proud of her! Was pride stronger than love? Did he not talk of her to his friends as a man talks of some fine picture of which he has become the possessor, that they might know what rare taste he had? If love had been the stronger element, he would have hidden so far out of sight every sign of discomfort or annoyance which he was feeling because of the temporary absence of his Rose in the household, that she would never have known of its existence. It is related of Cobbett, who could bristle all over like a porcupine if one attempted to lay a hand upon him roughly, that he went quietly from the house one night, when his sick wife needed rest and sleep, and spent several hours in keeping all the barking dogs in the neighborhood at a distance, so that their noise might not awaken her. That was self-forgetting love; and of a kind, we fear, to which our young husband was almost a stranger.

Just a week of rest, and peace, and blessedness, and then the jar of the old life began trembling into the new. Archie rarely came and sat down beside her that he did not, after he had bent lovingly over her for a little while and feasted his eyes on the tiny pink blossom that rested against her bosom, have something to say that disturbed her; and always the communication related to himself and the discomforts to which he was subjected. His dinners were becoming so poorly served, that he declared his intention to dine down town until Rose were well enough to be about again. In this she acquiesced, though it would keep him away from her an hour later at the close of every day. He would be better satisfied, and that would be a relief to her mind.

The disturbance which came back into the life of Rose at the end of a week, did not pass away, but found increase as day followed day. Its effect was to impair her appetite and retard her recovery. At the end of a month, when her nurse went away and she took up the cares of the household again, adding them to the care of her baby, she had not half recovered her strength.

In one of his calculations, her husband had been seriously disappointed, and that was in the matter of income. Many of the hundreds of dollars which, in fancy, he had seen added thereto, did not make their appearance; and when the bills for that portion of his furniture which had been bought on credit fell due, he was able to settle for only a part, and had to

get the balance thrown forward a few months longer. Archie was an honorable man, and this failure to meet his obligations hurt as well as troubled him. In order that he might not be compelled to ask another extension of time, he began looking more closely into their household regime, and to worry his little Rose about expenses and economies. To her, every complaint that was made about the cost of things, or the rapidity of their consumption, seemed like rebuke or censure. Very faithfully did she try, to the best of her limited experience, to make the most of everything; though, from ignorance, often working blindly. Usually it happened that if, in providing for the table, where the heaviest expense fell, she restricted the dishes, or bought cheaper articles of food, or lowered the quality of their desserts by using smaller quantities of the more costly ingredients used in their composition, there would come a strong remonstrance from Archie; and if Rose explained that sweetbreads, the choicest cuts of beef, game, butter, eggs, cream, and the like, could not be used as freely as they had been using them without making their weekly bills larger, he would stoutly aver that the trouble was not here, but in the waste of things that came into the house, the responsibility of which was tacitly, if not openly, laid upon her.

For months before the baby came, Rose had been troubled over these matters, and had done her best to restrict expenses. But rent, and fire, and light, and servant's wages, were fixed facts, which no amount of looking after could change. Archie would have a good table, and the best the market afforded was not to be had for a trifle. And then he smoked the best of cigars, and indulged now and then in a bottle of wine. So the cost of living kept trenching closely upon their income; and when the unpaid balances on his furniture bills became due, he was able to settle only for a part, and had to ask for a farther extension of time. This chafed him sorely, and caused him to say many things about looking after leaks in the kitchen, which, to Rose, in her weak, anxious and almost helpless condition as the days of her motherhood drew near, were absolutely cruel. Of the hours and hours through which she sat alone in her chamber, with brimming eyes, and face so pitiful that, to look upon it, would have drawn tears, he knew nothing.

All this had come back to the mind of Rose, growing more and more vivid as the days of her prescribed convalescence drew near their close. She was not gaining strength very fast. Her limbs felt weak as she moved about her room, and she was overcome and thrown into a tremor by the lightest exertion. What was she to do when the nurse went away, and both the care of her baby and the duties of the household fell upon her? This thought haunted her day and night; but she kept it all, poor little thing! shut up in her heart. Even her Aunt Loring did not know of her shrinking fear, and wondered at the brave spirit she was keeping up. But Mrs. Loring saw too plainly that the dear child's strength was not coming back, and that she would

not be equal to the burdens that were about to be taken up, and urged that the nurse should remain longer. But Rose would not hear to it. Why? Because nurse had to be paid six dollars a week; and Archie could not afford this heavy expense to go on any longer. Her sickness had been a great cost already; something for which, in a vague, blind way, she took blame to herself.

Then Mrs. Loring said, very positively, that if nurse went away they must have another girl; that Rose was not yet strong enough to take on herself both the care of the baby and the house, and that there was danger of a break in her health, from which she might never recover.

In justice to the young husband, it must be said, that there was no hesitation on his part about another servant. He didn't like the nurse, and was glad when the time came for her to go away. But he agreed with Mrs. Loring that Rose was not strong enough for the new duties which were about to be laid upon her. Rose made a feeble opposition, saying that they could not afford to keep two servants, and that she could get along well enough with one; but she was overruled.

Now, every housekeeper of limited means knows that, to keep two servants costs considerably more than the additional wages of one. The theory that food enough goes to waste in almost every family to feed another mouth, does not seem to hold good in practice when that mouth comes to be fed. The household seems to get adrift seaward, after the second servant comes in, and the helm to be less obedient to the hand that holds it, while the cost of living is probably increased.

So it proved in the case of the Lesters; and what the frail young mother gained in physical relief from the presence of a new girl was more than lost through chafing anxieties. From the very beginning there was a too perceptible increase in all the weekly bills of expenses. Sugar and butter began melting away with a new and strange facility; and the usual allowance of tea and coffee fell suddenly short. Archie, under the new demands for money, declared severely that this would never do. That there must be shameful waste going on in the kitchen, and that Rose must look into it at once and stop the leak. She did look into it, poor child! but could find no leak. What she did find, however, was an indignant cook, who protested, in a highly pitched voice and with flashing eyes that it was the first time it had ever been "averred to her that she was a thafe!" In a fright at the storm which she had raised, Rose retired from the field, and went back weak and trembling to her room, where Archie found her not long afterwards in tears. Up went his indignation to fever-heat, and it was as much as his sad faced little wife could do to keep him from rushing down into the kitchen and ordering the cook to leave the house instanter.

So the new life, which, in its beginning, seemed like an entrance into Heaven, was already amidst the fret and fever of common things. But there was a great and sweetly compensating difference from the

old life. This, maternity had brought. Let what might come of hurt or trouble, the pain ceased and the trouble was gone when the young mother took her baby in her arms and held its tiny hands, soft as rose-petals, to her lips, and felt its sweet mouth drawing its life from the fountain of life, which had been opened in her bosom!

Mrs. Loring had clearer eyes than Archie Lester. She saw, as the days went by, that the old bloom and roundness were not coming back to the face of Rose. That the old light-hearted grace had gone out of her movements, and would never, she feared, return.

For two or three months the tender, young thing struggled with the duties of her household, and the requirements of her thoughtless, exacting and selfish husband, who loved her as well as he could love anything, and then gave up the unequal contest. Heart and strength failed; and folding her hands over her tired heart, she let the world of cares and responsibilities, whose movements she had so vainly tried to control, go drifting off into unknown space, and to rack and ruin, unless another hand, stronger than her own, should draw it back and hold it to its appointed sphere.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FINE GOLD DIMMED.

THE outer life of wifely cares and duties hurt her with almost every incident of contact; but the inner life of mother-love was sweet and full of compensations. Sitting, with her baby in her arms, Rose felt as though indrawn Heavenwards. She was not strong enough for the outer life, and so, folding her weak hands, as we have said, she let that life drift as it might, and retired for rest and safety into the inner world of mother-love, where peace reigned and her soul was satisfied.

The baby had come between her and her husband. She had tried to love this man. Like a tender vine, she had put out the soft tendrils of her heart as she lifted herself up and took hold of his stronger nature; but every delicate filament was hurt by the hardness of his nature, or chilled by the frost of his selfishness. And now that God had given her something softer, and warmer, and sweeter than her own sweet self to love—something that never sent a pang or a chill to her heart—love drew itself away from her husband, and folded leaf, and branch, and clinging fibre all about her child.

It was not possible for this new order of life to come without its effect upon her husband. Of all others, he must feel the change most deeply. That Rose was only a woman, with human needs and human frailties, like the rest, and not an angel living above all common things, he had long ere this discovered. But she was so beautiful, so gentle and so loving, that he still named her with his pet apostrophe, "the dearest little wife in the world;" though often, as he did so, the image of a sad and tearful face would intrude itself and chill the rising ardor of his feelings.

As Rose let her life become more and more ab-

sorbed in her babe, and, in consequence, less and less interested in and careful about household matters, or the tastes and requirements of her husband, the change became more apparent to Archie; and he was not chary of complaint or censure. The word-blows struck at his little wife were many and frequent, but she never parried them, and never gave a return-blow; and, for all his self-blind eyes could see, did not feel their hurt. But they did hurt her, for all that; and every one of them helped to beat out the life that was slowly, but surely, failing.

After a few months, as Rose grew weaker, instead of recovering strength, and had a more depressing consciousness of failing life, she was not able to bear, without occasional signs of suffering, the perpetual droppings of the rain of her husband's discontent. A word would often send the tears to her eyes; sometimes, if he spoke to her sharply about some discomfort from which he suffered annoyance, she would leave the table and retire to her room. When he came home at dinner-time, he would, in all probability, find her in bed, and silent to all the inquiries he might press upon her.

How was his fine gold becoming dim! How was the beauty of his sweet flower fading! What could it mean? Lester was at fault. There never came to him for an instant of time the impression that he might be in something to blame. That this beautiful being, once so bright and happy, might be starving for the love he had failed to give. Love! What did he know of love, except as the minister of his own delights? To love, the giver, he was a stranger.

It was not often, after she became a mother, that Rose could be drawn out of her home into society. Social life had lost its charms. But when she did appear, solely to gratify her husband, the change seen in her struck every one who had known her before marriage. In the eyes of strangers she seemed a flower of exceeding delicacy, so frail that any sudden blast might break it from its stem.

"What's become of that dear little wife of yours, Lester? I don't know when I've seen her," says a friend.

It is almost a year since the baby came.

Archie's face does not brighten. His brows arch a trifle; there is a slight movement in his shoulders, which he represses before it becomes a shrug.

"At home!" is his simple response, but in a tone that contains a world of dissatisfied meanings.

"With her baby, I suppose. What a dear, little mother! Is the baby as sweet as herself?"

The right chord is touched, and Archie responds, as a pleasant change comes over his face.

"You should see it! Nothing daintier or lovelier in all the world. But—" He checks himself.

"But, what? The dearest little wife in the world, and the loveliest of babies! What else does the man want?"

"He wants more of his dear little wife."

"Oh! Ah! I see. And less of his baby! Why, Archie Lester! I've heard of the man who was cursed with blessings, but never saw him before."

"Babies are well enough in their way," Lester replies; "but when they come in and separate between a man and his wife, as mine is doing, they are what some might call too much of a good thing. One doesn't fancy stepping down and giving his baby the chief seat in the synagogue. At least, I do not."

"That's the trouble."

"Something of the sort. Before the baby came, I was first—lord of my own castle. My tastes were consulted, and my comfort paramount. But now!" And the shoulders rise an inch or two. The shrug is unmistakable.

"How is the fine gold dimmed!"

The shoulders rise again.

"For better or worse, Archie! Don't forget that. Women are no more angels than men. All perfections do not lie at their door. But, to my thinking, you are a very unreasonable and a very selfish man to complain of your wife because of her love for her child, and of the interference of this love with your comfort. Would you have her neglect the helpless little thing?"

"Pshaw! No! Neglect is one thing, and the proper consideration of a husband another. I'm not unreasonable; but I'm human."

"Baby is king, you know," the friend answers, smiling. "And my lord of the castle must be subject to the king."

And this is all the comfort he gets from his friend.

"Baby is king." It kept repeating itself in Lester's thoughts, as he sat alone in his office, and for hours after his friend had gone away. And was this really so? Was he, the lord of the castle, no longer in power? Was his rule already barred by the usurping heir? Had his wife become a conspirator with her son to drive him from the seat of power?

This thought, as a seed cast into Lester's mind, took root, and in time sent up a tender blade, which he watched over and nourished until it became a strong plant bearing fruit.

This baby-king was growing too willful and exacting, and he must curb his will and restrict his influence. As a father, he had duties and responsibilities, and it was full time that he brought them into exercise.

But he was not a wise and self-denying father. The duties and responsibilities which he began to magnify in his thoughts, had more reference to his love of ease, and to the dominance of his will, than to the good of his child. The little one was receiving too much of his mother's time and care, and this to the neglect of almost everything else. So that baby's will and wants were met, it mattered little for the discomfort of others. It was in this light that Lester began to hold up the rule of baby-king; and he resolved that it should be broken. Not, indeed, so much for his own sake—he said that in his external thought, while in his internal thoughts he regarded only himself—as for the sake of the boy.

The baby had been so frail and fairy-like—such a winsome, dainty little thing—such a bud of beauty, with the half-formed and half-opened petals already

sending their heart-sweetness out upon the air—that Archie had never, until the thought of usurpation found an entrance into his mind, been moved by any but the tenderest and most indulgent feelings for his child; even though he had often said hard and cruel things to his wife because of the discomfort he suffered in consequence of her absorption in maternal cares.

A new order of things must be established. The father could no longer neglect his duties. How clear-sighted and quick-sighted Lester became all at once! He wondered that he had remained blind so long. His little Archie, a year old, and not yet able to walk or talk, had, through his mother's indulgence, grown to be so self-willed, exacting and stubborn, that it was needful to take the boy in hand. And so the father cast about him to see where the work of discipline should begin. He was not long in making the discovery, and very naturally it was at a point where his own discomfort had been greatest.

Little Archie was a nervous child, and very sensitive to external influence. He was never a very sound sleeper, and had been particularly wakeful in the evening. This wakefulness had been increased by his mother, who, instead of placing him in his crib or on the bed while he was yet very young, and letting him fall asleep there, would hold him in her arms, and closely drawn against her breast, until the lids drew down their white curtains over the blue orbs, into the loving mysteries of which she would sit and gaze as into Heaven. Almost always the motion of laying the baby down would break his sleep, and then he would be taken back into his mother's arms and soothed to slumber again. Often this had to be done three or four times before complete oblivion came.

Every night the same thing was repeated, until, as the baby grew older, he learned to resist the efforts that were made to lull him to sleep; the time that it required to do so growing longer and longer, until the whole evening was often consumed in the work of stilling his cries and hushing him into slumber. He soon understood the difference between the touch and voice of his mother and the touch and voice of his nurse, and refused to go to sleep in the arms of the latter until worn out by a resistance so prolonged that Rose could in but rare instances steel her heart against his cries.

As the result of this, Archie had lost the companionship of his wife for an hour or more almost every evening; and often had his sleep disturbed at night through the wakefulness of the baby, which, after its first rest was broken, would not be replaced in the crib, but insisted on lying close against his mother.

Unwise in all this; weak, but strong-willed in her weakness, Rose could not and would not make an effort to break the habit in her babe, and so ensure for him a healthier sleep, and for herself rest from a condition of things that was helping to consume her slowly-wasting strength.

VOL. XLVI.—11.

If her husband had in the beginning, or at right intervals thereafter, made loving remonstrance, and with tact and manly reason lifted her thought into a true apprehension of what she was doing, and the consequences to her child that must follow, he might—nay, he would—have led her to act differently. She would have seen in the light of his calmer judgment, lovingly expressed, the guiding light which the weakness of her mother's heart had darkened. But Archie did none of this. Instead of the calm judgment, making itself seen, and felt as well, in loving words, he had only impatient remonstrance, or had condemnation; and against these, as they came bustling towards his wife, she threw up a shield of defense, and they fell worse than useless at her feet, because strength was lost in her effort at self-protection.

But now the husband and father had become fully aroused to a sense of his duty. He must come to the rescue ere habits were confirmed that might injure his child for life; and he resolved that the mother's weak rule should give place to the father's sterner discipline. He must begin somewhere in his work of correcting errors and evils which had been gathering force too long; and where better make a commencement than right here in the thing of which we have spoken? It stood out clearly defined. It was a daily, or rather nightly, recurring incident, and a perpetual disturber of order and comfort—especially his comfort.

Lester brooded over this matter for several days before taking his final resolution, the new drift of his thoughts often showing itself in the production of little disturbing eddies that warned him of coming trouble. At last his mind was fully made up. Man is a reasoning animal, and he generally finds it easy to discover the best of reasons for doing anything he wishes to do. The longer he dwelt on the subject that now occupied his attention, the more was he surprised at himself for so long permitting the mother's weak fondness to injure their child. It must be permitted no longer; no, not for a single day. He would take the boy in hand, and hold him rigidly to a new and better order of things.

"Where are you going, Rose?" It was half an hour after their late dinner. They had been sitting together, Lester reading, and his wife engaged in sewing on a garment for her little one, who had been taken up to bed by his nurse a short time before. As usual, nurse was not very successful in getting the child to sleep, and, as usual, his mother, unable longer to bear his fretting and crying, was about leaving the room to go up and quiet him herself. This was really no task for her, but a pleasure; for she was never so happy as when her baby was in her arms.

There was something in her husband's voice that made her pause and look round at him with a startled expression in her eyes.

"Where are you going?" he repeated.

"To get baby to sleep. Margaret doesn't know how to manage him."

"She can manage him well enough, if she chooses," replied Lester, in a voice of unusual decision; "and you must let her do it. Come and sit down again, and let her try it for awhile longer." He spoke with some authority.

Rose stood hesitating, her face growing anxious. She felt rather than saw the coming trouble. The fretting and crying went on.

"Come and sit down, dear." Her husband repeated the sentence almost in a tone of command.

What did he see in the widely-opening eyes, as she turned and looked at him with a fixed gaze? A mystery that he could not read—and a warning as well. But he had set his hand to the plough, and did not mean to look back. His wife was standing by the door, which was already drawn partly open.

"It is of no use, Rose. This thing has to be reformed sooner or later." Lester spoke deliberately, and in a voice out of which all tenderness had gone. "And the sooner a reform begins, the better. I mean that it shall begin now."

The wide-open eyes still rested upon him; and he was still at fault as to their meaning. If anything, the mystery which lay in them was deeper. He noticed that the face of his wife was growing very pale, and that her lips were closing tightly together.

Weak things often become very strong, defying the grosser forces that seem as if endowed with a strength equal to their annihilation at a touch.

"Rose! I want you to come and sit down here."

Instead, Rose passed, with the noiselessness of a spirit, through the door, and was in the chamber above with her baby in her arms, and held tightly to her heart, before her baffled and surprised husband had time to collect his thoughts.

"Rose!"

A great, strong hand was laid heavily upon the young wife's shoulder, as she bent over her child. She only bent the lower, as one who interposes her body for the protection of something. There was no other response.

"I wish you to go down-stairs, and let Margaret get Archie to sleep."

A statue could not have been more irresponsive to a command.

"Do you hear me, Rose?"

The statue did not stir.

Two hands reached down under the child, and made an effort to remove it from the mother's clasp. If the mother and child had been stone instead of tender flesh, the force exerted would have been quite as unavailing; for there came an influx of strength into the mother's arms that made them as bands of steel about her baby. The effort was repeated, but the clasping arms were only drawn the tighter.

For a few moments Lester was almost blind with passion. It was as much as he could do to restrain the giant force that came flowing into nerve and muscle, and the will that prompted him to use it upon the delicate form that was crouching before him. Words took the place of acts. They were few, but they struck hard, making deep wounds, that pene-

trated to the very citadel of life. But the statue neither spoke nor moved.

It was the first time Lester had seriously tried to match his strength with that of the fragile being who was now defying him. He had felt so strong, and had regarded her as so weak—weak as a sheltered flower or a caged bird—had even hesitated about stretching forth his hand to bend her to his will, lest his lightest touch should break her strength too suddenly, and cast her prostrated at his feet.

What did it mean? He had come upon a new problem in life; stood face to face with an impediment of the existence of which he had never dreamed. Was the will of this weak, gentle, and never until now, self-asserting little woman a stronger force than his own will, which he had just said to himself should hereafter be the law in his household?

"Rose! what does this mean?" Neither the strength of his arm nor the force of his words had reached her. There she sat, immovable, with her quiet child drawn closely against her bosom.

But she answered nothing.

"Why don't you speak? Are you dumb?"

There was more of weak passion than of resolute purpose in the man's voice now. He had failed; he knew it, and his tones betrayed his weakness and his humiliation. He was baffled—and more than baffled. The utter silence and impassiveness of his wife left him so completely at fault that he began to question himself as to the right, as well as the prudence, of his conduct.

"Rose!" His voice was gentler, and had a touch of persuasion. "Rose, dear! this is all wrong." Still more gently and persuasively.

It was of no use. The statue gave no sign of life.

Awhile he stood looking at the bent form, a tumult of conflicting emotions in his heart, and then slowly retired from the chamber. Through the half-closed door he gazed back for a few moments at his wife, to see if she would lift her hidden face and look after him. But she did not.

For a whole hour Lester sat listening for a movement in the chamber; but, though he hearkened intently through every moment of time, his ear caught no sound. Growing anxious at last, he went up-stairs. He found Rose in bed, with the child sleeping in her arms. Her eyes were shut, and he detected no quiver in the long lashes, that lay like a fringe on her cheeks, which he saw were of unusual whiteness. He saw something more; a new expression in the face, that was only partially turned from the light. What did it mean? He could not tell; but it troubled him. Like a cloud which had drifted across the sun, it threw a shadow upon his heart. Had he gone too far? Had he forced this frail and delicate child—she looked to him, now, more like a child than a woman—into a conflict from which she had come bruised, and broken, and mortally hurt?

Lester remained for some time, giving many signs of his presence in the room, now shading the light so that it would not fall too directly on his wife's face; now gently moving her pillow so that her head

might take an easier position; and now drawing the light blanket closer about the sleeping child. But whether Rose were sleeping or awake did not appear.

Another hour went by, and then Lester again pushed open the chamber door, and entered with noiseless feet. For all that met his eyes, neither Rose nor the child had moved. How strangely he felt! There was an impression that something had gone away from him which could never return—a feeling of loss and bereavement. As he stood looking upon the pale face, in which his clearer vision could now see lines of suffering that had in them an indescribable pathos, a flood of tenderness swept through his soul. Bending down, he touched the white forehead with his lips softly. Whether Rose knew of this or not, he could not tell. One thing was certain, she gave no sign.

(To be continued.)

FOUR VIOLET STARS.

"I'M the most miserable creature in the world!" The voice was that of a child in pain. Avanah Wister being scarce seventeen; the face a May-day face dashed with April rain.

Two pairs of eyes, those of Mrs. Isaacs and her daughter Cyrilla, had noticed the young girl opening a packet received by mail. They knew the color went out of the rounded cheeks, and that tears came into the blue eyes; then they heard this sorrowful declaration, and saw the pretty head drop on the folded arms. Girl-like, Cyrilla rushed forward and began showering kisses on the bit of ear visible, and over the brown curls. Mrs. Isaacs, having recognized the handwriting on the package, remained seated at her work. Disagreements between Avanah and her betrothed were not uncommon; never prolonged, and seldom assumed any very serious aspect. This, however, proved a graver matter than any one anticipated. Hurlburt Craysford returned Ava's picture and letters with but one penciled line: "All is over."

To be sure, the gentleman was proud, the lady willful; still, so unusual a course of conduct must be inquired into. Mrs. Isaacs, having the motherless girl temporarily in charge, set about giving the subject her prompt and undivided attention.

Poor little Avanah Wister! When the sky was at its bluest, sunshine at its goldenest, blossoms awake, and leaf and wing astir, it was trebly hard to have this black and bitter cup held to her young lips. There seemed nothing left to do but swallow the draught at once, lean her head on the window-sill, outside which a rose-vine redened and clambered, weep, and perhaps die, then and there.

Mrs. Isaacs's tone, more than her words, did much towards stilling this tempest of grief, and finally succeeded in bringing Ava's tear-drenched face to the light.

"And is this all?" she asked, kindly, after lending

a most attentive ear to an explanation, broken with sobs and almost drowned in sorrow's brine. "Since the tender missive you mention arrived, and your answer flitted, has nothing passed between you until to-day, when you receive this cruel message?"

"No, nothing."

"There's been no time," put in Cyrilla. "She wrote only Saturday."

"No," replied Avanah, wearily, "there's not been time for anything but this," touching her old letters with a trembling hand. "I'm sure there was nothing in my note calling for such an answer."

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Isaacs, "you've spoken too quickly when the girls teased you about Hurlburt, or have made some jesting allusion to his recent failure in business, and your remarks been repeated. Lovers at a distance are particularly sensitive, you must remember."

"They used to tease me at home; nobody here does. But Hurlburt understands that and my ways. As for his failure, I haven't mentioned it, nor has Cyril."

"I can't account for this conduct, then," replied Mrs. Isaacs, thoughtfully. "If Hurlburt Craysford was nearer your own age, instead of being four years older, I might ascribe it to some new fancy or boyish freak. Knowing his character as I do, I feel certain he would not take so decided a step without, what he might consider, good and sufficient cause. You're a trifle unreasonable at times, Ava, and have tried him severely. However, as the present difficulty seems to have arisen from no fault of yours, and has assumed such grave proportions, something must be done, and that right speedily. I'll write to your father at once. So, cheer up, my love! Your happiness is too precious a freight to be shipwrecked without an effort to save it. Now bathe your face and take a dose of out-door air. Cyrilla, go with her."

In spite of Mrs. Isaacs's praiseworthy zeal, Avanah Wister's happiness seemed doomed. Young Craysford, when interviewed, only rumpled his hair—a needless procedure, since it was such a curly heap, any way—and declared he had nothing to say.

"Now, see here, my boy," said Mr. Wister, "I've been acquainted with you this seven years, and never knew you to be guilty of a mean or cowardly act; still, if you carry out your intention of going West, and leave without explaining this conduct, you prove yourself not merely a coward, but—" Now, Mr. Wister, being a sensible man and a true gentleman, paused at this critical point, in order to control himself, and, succeeding nobly, added: "something worse."

Must I say it? This young Hotspur proved himself that very something. He vanished without word or sign.

Avanah Wister, being in possession of youth, health and good looks, endeavored to make herself hideous to no purpose. It was in vain she put back her bonnie brown curls, donned her plainest dresses or selected the most unbecoming colors; her fair

girl-face persisted in looking pretty, men admired, and less fortunate people considered her situation enviable. Yes, her treatment of her grief was silly, romantic, yet, withal, it was a very real, a very present sorrow. Altogether too deep, too strong to require the careful nursing she felt disposed to give it.

It was decided expedient to abandon the old home and its associations; consequently, the house was given up. Miss Wister, a not very ancient maiden lady, retired from her position as chief manager, and Mr. Wister, her brother, betook himself to Mrs. Isaacs's vicinity. Being a gentleman of large means and considerable literary ability, his place of residence was of small importance. Just at present he preferred being near and watching over Ava, "sole daughter of his house and heart."

People said the Widow Isaacs was the attraction. People will talk, you know.

A year passed, and the promise written every spring on the rose-vine's leaves was kept by the fragrant-hearted, crimson-lipped rose. Mrs. Isaacs's semi-rural home formed a bower of beauty. Surveying the mansion from a short distance—such as across the wide avenue, for instance—it would be easy to imagine the interior full and brimming over with vines and flowers. Out of every window, from the roof down, hung wreaths of living green. Added to these was blossoms so wondrous bright, it seemed they must surely have caught their color from the early dawn, the lingering sunset or brilliant rainbow. In that home of ease and elegance, drinking in the life and beauty around her, indulged to the utmost limit, Ava's sorrow lost half its sting. Still, even at that early age, she had reached a point where many a young woman unconsciously, yet none the less certainly, turns into the narrow by-path trodden by the single-sisterhood. This was the one love of her life, in her soul dwelt a memory, in her heart an image, and "all men beside were but shadows."

Towards the close of a June day she made her appearance in the parlor, where Mrs. Isaacs sat alone, her manner a trifle flurried, a suspicion of moisture in her eyes.

"I've just recalled something," she said, speaking hurriedly. "You recollect asking had nothing passed between Hurlburt and me after my usual weekly note and previous to his last cruel message, and my saying no. I was mistaken. This afternoon, looking over a file of old *Journals*, at Mr. Twimble's, I found a little poem, and recollecting having sent him one like it. My note was mailed Saturday noon, the paper that evening. I wanted to copy the verses, but was in such haste to have him see them, I didn't take time. Mrs. Twimble gave me this paper. Read the poem, please, and tell me, if you can, why words so true and tender should have estranged my lover's heart."

"Were the lines you sent published in the *Journal*?"

"Yes, ma'am, Cyril said I might have your number. She didn't know I wanted to send it away; and, after what happened, I forgot having done so."

"The paper was mine, and bore this date?" inquired Mrs. Isaacs; then, seeing Avanah crimson under this unexpected fire of cross-questioning, she added, apologetically, "Pardon me, my love, I have very special reasons for asking." The young girl replying in the affirmative, she continued: "And you marked the article with ink?"

"Yes, ma'am, with four violet stars."

Instead of reading the lines, as requested, Mrs. Isaacs turned the paper and devoted herself to the second page a moment. Then:

"My dear child," she said to Ava, who sat with eyes wide open, like morning-glories awaiting the summer dawn, "it is as I suspected, the moment you confessed having marked the poem. Let me tell you here, if you wish to call attention to anything in a paper to go by mail, take a pencil, never use ink. You very much wonder why. There are two sides to a page, and all but printer's-ink shows through. You see, then, the danger of attracting notice to the wrong article. The first page of this number of the *Journal* contains that little poem, one of the sweetest, purest love-songs I ever read; a corresponding column on the second page contains certain severe strictures in reference to business failures. Hurlburt looked at the wrong side—we very often do, my love—drew his conclusions accordingly, and resented the supposed outrage with all the warmth of his impetuous nature. He had striven manfully against disaster, felt his misfortune keenly, and was so sore over the whole matter, this fancied injury from your hands proved more than he could bear. We can scarcely wonder at his leaving us as he did."

"What made you think of looking on the other page?" asked Ava, lights and shadows flitting over the May-day face. "Did anything like this ever happen before?"

Mrs. Isaacs's answer was an odd one: "Ask your father," she said.

"Do you know," remarked that gentleman, answering one question by asking another, "that previous to my meeting your mother, and when Mari-anne Isaacs was Mari Rutley, she and I were engaged?"

Yes, some one had told Ava while she was a little girl, soon after she lost her mother.

"Our history," continued Mr. Wister, "repeats itself in yours and Hurlburt's experience. Four violet stars separated us. Mari sent a marked paper containing certain literary notices she wished me to see. Looking on the one side only, I read a severe attack on would-be authors. Too proud to ask or seek an explanation, we parted. We were fortunate in living down our sorrow, happy in a second choice, yet neither ever ceased to hold the other very precious, and now, at last, dearest of all, once more."

Glad as she was to hear this announcement, there came a much sweeter drop in Avanah Wister's cup. Her father got a letter showing how far the iron of that marked article had entered Hurlburt Craysford's soul, and still rankled there. The enterprise in which he had engaged was a success, he said, add-

ing: "Perhaps the day will come when even Miss Wister may look upon me with feelings akin to respect." The writer gave no clue to his whereabouts; the postmark did, however. Mr. Wister, assured his daughter's dignity could by no means be compromised, sent a plain statement of facts to that address. A reply came as fast as steam could carry it. One could both see and feel the young man pulling his hair in every line. Following this came another and another. Close upon these came Hurlburt himself, dreading to trust the happiness vouchsafed him in Ava's full and free forgiveness until he saw it reflected in her blossom-face. Then, as a natural con-

sequence, nothing would do but he must take her back with him. Mr. Wister objected, she was too young.

"I am eighteen," she whispered, sweetest of blushes flitting over her cheeks and creeping into the covert of her brown hair. "You are soon to have mamma Mari and Cyril; he has nobody."

He has two somebodies now. There is a wee, wee face growing into the May-day likeness, and Avanah declares she's the happiest creature in the world.

After all, four violet stars proved not so unlucky as they might have been.

MADGE CARROL.

Mother's Department.

DON'T THREATEN THE CHILDREN.

I LEARNED a lesson last summer, and I want to tell all the mothers about it. My Neddie has a little playmate living next door to us. A sturdy, little, seven-years-old lassie, with Scotch blood in her veins—a fearless, honest little girl, without a grain of imagination, and not troubled with nervousness. I like to have Neddie with her, even though she sometimes gets him into scrapes. For there is nothing mean or sneaking about Maudie.

They were playing together one day last summer, and wandered away, first to the ditch that separates our lots from a marshy piece of ground. After a time they ventured over the ditch on to the marsh, and when discovered were playing near the edge of a deep creek that flows through the marsh; a dangerous place for little ones. The banks of the creek are overgrown with tall grass and rushes and a child might easily loose itself and fall into the water.

How I trembled as I called them to come home; and Maudie's grandmother, hearing me, came to her door. The little, dirty culprits came bounding to us, all unconscious of wrong. I couldn't scold Neddie as he held up his wild flowers with, "See, mamma, aren't they pretty?" So I only took him by the hand and led him in-doors.

I didn't see the reception Maudie met with; but a few days after, the two children were playing beneath my window, where, sitting behind the curtain, I could hear all they said.

"I sha'n't go down by the creek again," said Maudie. "Grandma said she would whip me hard if I did."

"My mother didn't tell me so," answered Neddie. "But then I sha'n't go again, 'cause I promised I wouldn't."

"Your mother never whips you!" half-asked, half-asserted Maudie.

"She hasn't since I was a little boy," said Neddie, with all his six-years-old dignity; "but she talks to me, and makes me promise."

"Well, grandma says she will give me a good beating. But sometimes she forgets, and sometimes she don't find out," retorted Maudie.

"Well, but if you promised, you would have to keep your word; for, if you didn't, you would be all the same as telling a lie," was Neddie's answer.

"Yes, I would have to," slowly replied Maudie; "cause I never told a lie, and I never will, not for

worlds and worlds!" and Maudie drew her dumpy little self up.

I don't believe Maudie would tell a lie, I thought, as I looked at her. I believe she is honest clear through.

The children went away and left me thinking. I did not claim to be better than my neighbor in managing my children, but I saw clearly that in that case my way had been a little better. I knew that, though I seldom threatened my little boy with a "whipping," I had often said: "If you do so, I shall have to punish you." But now it came to me like a light that that is not the "better way."

Is it not best when we tell our little ones of things they must not do, to say nothing of the punishment that ought to follow the wrong-doing? Do not misunderstand me. If a child does wrong from thoughtlessness or ignorance, show them plainly the wrong; but while exacting the promise, "Never to do so again," say nothing of the punishment that ought surely to follow the repeating of the offense.

And the punishment itself? Oh, if we mothers could make our little ones understand that sin and wrong-doing bring their own punishment! If we could make them understand that because of the wrong the pain must come! Not because "mother said so," or because mother is angry, we punish them.

Since I began this article, I have had the "case in point" illustrated again to me.

"Come directly home from school to-night, Neddie, because you have a bad cold, and must not play out-doors," I called after my boy as he left the house after dinner.

"Yes, mamma."

Half-past four came, but no Neddie. Five o'clock, and the lamps are lighted, and I am growing uneasy about my boy, though I am certain where he is, for a little girl tells me he is on the ice not far off. Just as I arise to get my shawl to go for the little fellow, quick footsteps run down the back walk, and Neddie runs in. Without stopping to take off his hat and coat, he comes to my side, and begins: "O mamma, I forgot, and stopped on the ice!" Seeing my sober face, he bursts in tears with, "Please forgive me, mamma, I did forget!"

Mamma believes him. "Forgetting" is Ned's besetting sin." But, while my tears mingle with his, I must punish him, and so I tell him he must go a half hour earlier to bed, and lose the story I always read to him at bed-time.

The tears flow faster as I tell him this, and he cries: "Can't you punish me some other way, mamma, dear?"

And yet Neddie goes singing up the stairs and tumbles into his nest, apparently as light-hearted as though he hadn't done a wrong thing for a day.

But nearly an hour later, as I go into the room, a very sorrowful little face looks up from Neddie's little bed, and with a long sigh, says: "O mamma, I can't get to sleep."

"Mamma" knows the little conscience is at work. She kisses and pets her boy, who clings so lovingly about her neck. Nothing is said about the naughty act, but Neddie feels forgiven, and by and by drops asleep.

I do not believe my boy will forget again very soon. O mothers! who will read this, why can't we all take lessons from God's patience with us? God help us all. Help us to be gentle and loving, even in our punishments, to the dear ones in our care. It is so short a time that they are our "little ones."

VARA.

MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

UNDER this title Mrs. H. W. Beecher protests against the coddling and over-indulgence of children and others:

There is, she says, a class whose excellencies are a glory to our race, who grow stronger and better with every trouble or hardship they are called to pass through, choice spirits—

Whose hearts,
Like tempered steel, bend to the blast;
Hearts which suffering only leaves
Stronger when the storm is past.

From such noble characters no complaints are heard of their troubles. They never speak with bitterness of those who might have alleviated the trials or lightened the burdens of their childhood, even if powerless to have removed them altogether. They will not dwell on the darkness in their past experiences or the heartlessness of others, but rejoice to find or make an opportunity to return good for evil, blessing for cursing. One effect which the trials and burdens of their childhood seem to have had upon their mature characters is to make them over-indulgent to the young who come under their influence and protection. In their anxiety to shield their nurslings

from aught that in any degree resembles their own experience, there is danger that their mistaken tenderness may weaken the characters of their youthful charges, making them self-indulgent, inefficient and useless. These gentle-hearted friends shrink from seeing their little ones brought in contact with disagreeable or painful duties. They would take all the cares and hardships upon themselves, if thereby they might shield others from early trials, forgetting that these sharp experiences are often sent to strengthen and build up the young into all nobleness, ready for every good word and work. Their love blinds them to the fact that by excessive indulgence the young become exacting, troublesome and intensely disagreeable to others, and lose the bright and cheery spirit that is the charm of childhood and youth.

But too often those who have been strengthened, developed and purified "so as by fire"—who know that the hardships and trials of their youth laid the foundation in their own characters of that power which has made them strong to comfort and build up many who, but for them, would have fallen by the way—are tempted in later life to defraud the young by mistaken kindness. Every one is defrauded, dwarfed, who, either by kindness or over indulgence, is prevented from using, to the fullest extent, every faculty and all the strength that the Maker has bestowed. If friends choose for them, or permit them to choose, only the easiest and most agreeable duties, slipping all that is distasteful upon others less dear, then their best talents are lost or buried, and those who might have become bright and shining lights grow into disfigured, one-sided characters, of little value to any, unless, by some unexpected change, they are thrown on their own resources, compelled to dig up the buried talents and apply them to their proper use.

This mistaken kindness works in many and entirely different ways. There are some natures among the young very difficult to spoil, some who will receive any amount of petting and indulgence with little injury, or so little, that when changes come they show an energy of character that, though long dormant, springs up into active life when loudly called for, and breaks the bands that have held them inactive for years. In such cases, if the mistaken kindness of loving friends does not again become too active, a bright and noble character may be developed through the sufferings of the fiery furnace into which they have been cast.

The Home Circle.

FROM MY CORNER.

No. 24.

SUCH busy, busy days, filled with little pleasures, little trials, little cares and plenty of work for hands and brain. Life glides swiftly along—so swiftly, we scarce can tell where or how its moments go. The winter days are short, and many of them dark outside—but we try to keep them bright within the little home which holds so much love. The dear mother-face grows brighter and her frame stronger, and that lightens our hearts; and more of health has come back to me, than I ever thought possible in this world. As I walk briskly about the house, or help occasionally in some little domestic duty, I find it hard

to realize that it is myself feeling so strong. I did not dream that life could ever be so pleasant again, and that there could be such enjoyment in being able to move about and do some things that others do, which had so long been forbidden to me. I think it is the long deprivation—the having to lie and do nothing, which gives such zest now to any active employment.

In my cozy little room, near a warm coal fire, I lie writing. An eastern window looks towards the woods and fields, which, in summer-time, will be a very pretty view. Opposite my lounge, on the wall between the windows, hangs a little rustic cross, made of curiously-shaped twigs of a forest tree, and garlanded with the long, graceful, gray southern moss, which festoons the southern trees. Amongst its ten-

drills I have scattered bright crimson leaves, and over the pictures of May and her brother, hanging over the mantel, I have put the same ornamentation. Between them, over the little mantel-clock, is a sweet little picture of Edna, with earnest, serious eyes, looking at me steadily, and a smile hovering around the corners of the mouth, that tries to chase away the expression of half-sadness I imagine is lurking somewhere. The faces of two beloved older ones stand on the mantelpiece, and shells and pretty vases cluster around and beside them. Above all hangs my beautiful chromo of the Yosemite Valley, the gift of a friend. On another wall is a group of large and small photographs of faces dear to my mother and I, and on a bracket under the cross is a bust of Psyche, my one real work of art, my newest treasure.

A few weeks ago an Italian vender of such bric-a-brac came to our door with a basket full of beautiful things—busts, vases, small groups, in something like plaster of Paris, but a handsomer, more solid material. Amongst them was this head of Psyche, an exquisite thing, with the butterfly on her shoulder, her hair all waves, rolls and curls, a delicate Grecian face, and the likeness to Floy so strong, that I could not resist buying, if I had only wished it as a picture of her. Every one exclaims at the resemblance, and the strangeness of its being found in such a thing; and I prize it more than I can tell.

Floy is in St. Louis, spending the latter part of the winter with relatives who live there. She writes glowing descriptions of the sights she sees, and the pleasures she enjoys, in this her first visit to the great city, and is eloquent about the handsome young cousin who takes her to concerts and picture galleries, the opera, and occasionally the theatre. I miss her greatly, but am glad she is having such a "good time," as she calls it. And I have plenty of society. There are pleasant, new acquaintances amongst our near neighbors, some so near that I can walk out to see them occasionally of a pleasant afternoon, now that I am so much stronger. That is so delightful. Sometimes of an evening Jessie's teacher—a valued friend in the family—and one or two other young folks, come in, and Lizzie or I bring out the guitar, and we have some sweet music, with three or four voices combined. This is one of my greatest enjoyments, for good, beautiful music lifts me higher than anything else—nearer the portals of another world. Especially sacred music. Sometimes they tell me of the church choir, with the organ and all the voices swelling into such soul-stirring notes, and I grow almost heart-sick with the longing to go and hear once more.

Sometimes, on bright starlight nights, I hear the band playing in some not far distant quarter, serenading the girls; and as the music of a dreamy waltz or plaintive song comes floating on the still air, it seems to roll over me in waves of sweetness that reach my very soul, and fill my heart with a feeling so deep, it almost touches pain.

This afternoon is warm and lovely, like an early spring day. The little, dark-headed snow-birds are enjoying it, hopping and picking around the yard and garden. I feel a great desire to go out and walk, but am almost too busy, and must finish my chat first.

We have just finished reading "Rose in Bloom," the last charming book of Miss Alcott's for young folks that I have seen, and the sequel to "Eight Cousins." How beautifully the rosebud opens into full, rich bloom under the sunshine of a warm, wise love, and the air of a healthy, sensible, true way of

living. With failings enough to make her natural, and goodness, sense and sweetness enough to make her very lovable, she is a girl worthy of being an example. How any girl, or boy either, can read the book without its doing them good, I cannot see; and it is almost, if not fully, as entertaining as "Little Women."

May Louisa Alcott long live to write such stories for our young people, who ought to look upon her as one of the greatest women of our age. Now some will laugh at that; but what is greater—that a woman can do—than helping the people of a whole generation to grow into good, sensible and true men and women?

LICHEN.

HOMES AND REFORM.

WE grow sick at heart as week after week we read the story of fraud and corruption in places both high and low. Stores are robbed, names forged, funds embezzled, men and women murdered, until confidence is destroyed, and we sigh for the "good old days" when, poor as men were, "the king of England had not money enough to buy them."

The great hope of a nation is centered in its homes. They are wonderful in their forming and their restraining power, if they are what they should be. But, alas for us! if we fail to make them mighty forces to withstand corruption and drive back the tide of evil. If we are to have honest men in our halls of legislation, men to whom principle is more than party, and honor more than the spoils of office, the fathers and mothers have a work to do at home. If we would stay the tide of intemperance, there are the best opportunities to work around our own fire-sides, among our own children, for lessons early learned are longest remembered.

It is pitiful to think how many children grow up in unloving homes, where harsh words and bitter fault-finding are the rule, and gentle, kindly tones the exception. Weary mothers, well-meaning, doubtless, but "encumbered with much serving," speak many bitter words to those around them; fathers, absorbed in business, take little time to amuse and instruct their children, while merry, cheerful laughter is too often hushed with harsh, impatient words—words that may yield an awful harvest by and by.

If we could see the great aggregate of misery and sin directly traceable to unhappy homes, I think we would let the unkind word more often remain unsaid. What if little feet leave a track upon the clean floor, and little hands drop mittens or stemless flowers on the carpet sometimes; it hardly calls for the bitter words mothers so often use. If a husband forgets an errand at the village store, he may be as likely to remember it another time, if gently reminded, as when harshly reproached with "never remembering anything!"

Too many times the first lessons in deceit and falsehood are learned at the mother's side; fathers, by their practice, teach their boys to give scant weight and short measure.

I knew a mother who opened her door to receive some unwelcome visitors one day, telling them she was so glad to see them, when her little daughter of five spoke up in utter astonishment: "Why, mother, you said you did hope they were not coming here!"

A father once even accused his son of being "shiftless and ungrateful," because he did not fill his pockets with ears of corn when he went to his

neighbors' "huskings," affirming that he did not suppose the son ever would help him get a living!

We may think that if we teach them the decalogue it is enough, but our children will be very likely to pay more attention to our practice than our precepts; and "if father or mother does so, we can."

We have each of us our work to do, parent and child, and are mutually responsible for the condition of our home. Do we do our part towards making it the pleasantest spot on earth? If we do our duty faithfully, God will help us; if not, "sin lieth at the door."

Fathers and sons are too often driven away from the homes that should be most sacred and most dear, to the bar-room or the village-store, where intoxicating drinks and vulgar stories are all too common. Wives and mothers grow sad and heart-broken, and go mad sometimes, because fathers and husbands forget to bring a little sunshine home with them.

Let me give you a little sketch of my ideal home. It is full of comforts, though it may be bare of luxuries. Whether it rains or shines, in-doors there is warmth and brightness. If the father has cares, he does his best to forget them, that they may not darken other hearts. The mother has worries, but is not anxious to prove her-self a martyr, so lovingly and cheerfully she casts her burden on Him who is able to bear it, and makes home bright and shining. Seeing father and mother wise and cheery, the children will early learn to do their part; when trouble comes as to all it must, it loses half its weight if met and borne together.

There is, at least, one pleasant room, with some of the many little things that make home pleasant—a few pictures (and many, if possible), that early the young may learn to love beauty, and the older ones may rest their tired eyes upon them when life grows dreary, as even here it sometimes may. It shall be a home good enough for visitors, but not too good for "our own," and never by any chance so elegant that sun-shine, home-light and *our family* are shut out.

Let us make our homes places of rest and peace; of purity and good cheer; schools where all that is noble and pure is taught; and, above all, types of that other home, where enters nothing "that loveth or maketh a lie."

ELIZABETH WOOD.

RUMMAGING IN THE GARRET.

"**H**ORRIBLE!" exclaimed the high-born dame, shrinking from imaginary clouds of dust and heaps of plunder. But here comes a practical woman, with a huge bump of constructiveness, well set off by another of acquisitiveness. Her eye dances with delight as she takes in the grand scope for the exercise of her ingenuity; then Constructiveness perks up his ears and tightens his braces; she feels it almost equal to clearing a round sum of dollars and cents: then Acquisitiveness bows his neck, and the bumps pull together like a well trained team.

They draw out old boxes heaped with broken china, disjoined lamps, fractured glass, rusty screws, locks, hinges and leaky tin-ware; old trunks of half-worn clothing, obsolete ornaments and antiquated head-gear; great piles of worm-eaten furniture, skeleton umbrellas and dilapidated domestic machinery; rat-eaten bags, half-hooped barrels and *crank-sided* baskets promiscuously crammed with old letters, empty spoons, shells, trinkets, pop-corn, walnuts and—what not—all awaiting the prescribed seven years which has reached the second decade, and necessity has not yet summoned them from their mouldy hiding-places.

Some things improve by keeping, there ore pre-

serve your hams to smack of age; some things retain their original merits without deterioration, therefore handle with care and lay up your HOME MAGAZINES for future reference; but some things lose style and many of their parts, therefore repair at once, before "moth and rust doth corrupt" and the fragments are lost, or, the articles being replaced, are no longer needed, but forgotten.

However, there is something significant of economy in this accumulation of rubbish, and she who hoarded it had the faculty of acquisitiveness well developed, yet she "never could afford to take a magazine." False economy. These articles should have been mended at once, and the money used in replacing, devoted to literature or other luxuries. How did this irregularity creep into the otherwise dove-tail habits of this exemplary housekeeper? That "thief," Procrastination, leaning for support against the root "of all evil," awaiting Opportunity, who flees terrified at the wail of an infant or the din of house-work—that "thief" had seized all the modest opportunities and left Oblivion to draw a veil over the garret.

Let us summon a band of Opportunities, make war upon old Procrasty, bring forth the spoils, and see what we can make of them. This must be upon a rainy day, else "some other visitor" may come, and the timid Opportunities will be off in a trice, leaving old Proc sole monarch. Now is the propitious time; autumn rains are falling, floods are deluging the land, and it is impossible for "my neighbor" to run across the way. At the first flourish of duster and broom the "thief" disappears, and the veil is lifted. Call in the service of the woman with the bumps.

Ah! here is a fine old lamp, with the brass off—and here, too, is the brass—wonderful! So many put away one part, forgetting the other also is necessary for mending. Let us descend to the kitchen-stove, wash the parts clean of dust and grease, wipe dry (requisites in any successful cementing), invert the brass containing the spiral grooves, upon the stove, melt a lump of alum the size of a palm-nut in an iron spoon, pour it into the brass, insert the neck of lamp, lift up both quickly and let cool. Scrape or rinse off with warm water, any alum which may have dripped into the bowl, fill with oil not quite to the brass, and if you haven't a whole wick to fit it, two short pieces may be neatly sewed together.

While we are cementing, back to the garret for all the broken china. Be sure to get all the parts, wash, wipe and place each article to itself, while I make a cement of one tablespoonful of the flour of white lead, mixed with copal varnish, to the consistency of thick cream, mashing the lumps with a common table-knife. We will mend the saucers and plates first. Spread the cement smoothly upon the edges to be joined; press together while I tie—oh, but the string slips off; just set each plate in another plate; this will hold them in position. Here is a pretty old china sugar-bowl, with a small piece gone from the bottom. I'll just stick a lump of putty on the inside, smoothing it down nicely. When it dries it will be as good as ever, and a real centennial relic. These quaint, old pitchers and bowls, how easily mended, because only broken in two. Bring me also all the glass to be used about the table, as this cement will stand ordinary dishwashing, but should not stand soaking in warm water. Do not try to scrape off the surplus cement for two or three months, or till perfectly hard and dry, then it comes off readily without daubing, leaving only a scarce visible crack. I will add a little spirits of turpentine—the cement will dry out quicker. There, I have made it too thin—I must add more white lead. Well, we are done, and as we

wasted none upon useless places, there is a little left. This is almost "as good as" wasted; however, I'll put it in this little, close tin-box; should anything get broken in a few days, it can be used at once, or it will get hard. Get a little spirits turpentine to wash it off our fingers and knives, then pour it into the bottle of copal varnish.

Now for the glass vases and mantel ornaments. Nothing so useful as a twenty-five-cent bottle of the Centennial Transparent Cement. This purports to be fire and waterproof, but it is not. It does mend glass and porcelain beautifully. Warm it and the parts to be joined, press them together, hold in position for a few minutes, and set away for two days. This will stand light rinsing and careful handling, and is in every way desirable for mending mantel ornaments.

While we have out the putty, bring down that box of shells. While we are beating the putty and selecting the shells, let Fred cut a heavy frame from poplar plank, oblong, with convex surface left rough, that the putty worked in the warm hands may adhere. Spread a layer of putty one-fourth inch thick over half the surface (as it will soon become too hard to receive the shells), place a finish of volute shells on the inner and outer margins, pressing them well into the putty. At the top, bottom and sides, make roses of pink-tinted bivalves; begin with a volute in the centre, set up the bivalves around this with the convex surface inward, by pressing the hinge part into the putty, using small ones at first, gradually growing larger and expanding as the petals of a rose, till they unfold to the margin. Half way between the roses, with five slender spirals, make a star; between the roses and stars, with one long spiral and a pair of bivalves, make a butterfly, or with four bivalves, three purple and one yellow, make a pansy. Fill up the ground with modest shells or broken bits that will not detract from the distinctness of the chief designs. Let dry. As the frame is large enough, and we have no diamond for cutting glass, an eight by ten glass can be set in the back of the frame.

We have used up all the delicate shells, but find we have a quantity of coarse ones left. Will make a handsome cornice for our parlor window. A foundation board of deep, round scallops, resting upon bracket-arms. Fill the scallops with roses, edging the whole with a row of periwinkles, the spirals running in the same direction. Two round pieces of plank (about the size of the bottom of a pint cup), nailed to the window through two large spools, and covered with shell-roses, will complete the window ornaments, the last serving for curtain holders. All may be varnished. When dry, it is substantial.

Well, we have had quite enough work for to-day. There is still much material in the garret, which the winter days will give us the opportunity of making serviceable.

Mrs. M. D. SAYERS.

HOME COURTESIES.

IN society, every one appears at his best. Smiles, kind words, respectful attentions and courteous demeanor, are expected and given with apparent cheerfulness and sincerity; but at home, where all these things should be learned and practiced, they are most apt to be neglected.

The door-bell rings, and with an anxious glance at the mirror to see that your attire is faultless, you hasten to the door, and if an acquaintance presents himself, you meet him with a face wreathed in smiles, give him your hand cordially, make kind inquiries after his health, invite him in, take his

hat, and draw the coziest chair to the coziest corner for his reception; and while he remains you give him your undivided attention.

This is right; but how often the husband or father comes in, wearied with his day's work, and his presence is scarcely heeded. He may help himself to the wash-basin, wipe on an untidy towel, and find a seat where he can, and unless he wore his hat to the table, it would never be noticed that he had one; and yet no disrespect is meant, it is simply the result of careless and thoughtless habits.

The son or brother comes in with a pleasant look on his honest, sun-browned face, and calls your attention to a cluster of wild flowers, a bunch of rare mosses, a cunning bird's nest—empty, of course—or a bouquet of brown and scarlet leaves which he has gone out of his way to gather for you; and instead of praising their beauty and thanking him for his pains, you remind him that he has tracked his muddy boots half way across the room, and order him to fling the littering trash out of doors.

A guest spends the evening with you; the parlor is warmed and lighted, and made to put on its most inviting appearance, and every attention is paid to the comfort of your friend; his tastes are studied, his favorite authors and themes are discussed, and if he loves music, the most difficult pieces are diligently and patiently rendered for his delectation.

But the kitchen is considered a suitable place for the family to spend the evening if they happen to be alone. The boys are hurried off to bed to be out of the way; and if the tired father ventures to remark that he hoped to hear a little reading to-night, his request is met with various excuses; either leisure is wanting, or the latest news has been gone over, and it is tiresome to read them the second time, or political speeches, doings of Congress, and such reading as he wants to hear, is very distasteful; and if he asks for music, he is told that there has been company all the afternoon, and the piano has been thrummed till both it and the performer are tired out; and after two or three ineffectual attempts to carry on a conversation, he relapses into silence, feeling that if he would enjoy the small, sweet courtesies of life, it will be necessary for him to go from home to find them.

CELIA SANFORD.

LAY SERMON.

No. 3.

THE GARDEN.

I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down.—Prov. xxiv., 30, 31.

LANGUAGE very similar to this would Solomon probably use if he lived to-day, and paused to survey the premises of many of our householders. Often his description, if given at the present time, would be, "I went by a certain garden, and it had the appearance of being the property of a careless or indifferent person, for it showed various degrees of neglect; the beds were weedy, and the fence was out of repair."

The garden itself says: "I belong to a person who lacks taste, and judgment, and proper pride; or, at least, fails to exercise them." But it is very probable that the proprietor of the garden, in nine cases out of ten, would not recognize this description as applying

to himself; would not know that he was slothful and void of understanding; he would probably say: "I have no time nor money to waste in superfluities. Let those who want to make a show do so; I believe in common sense."

So far, good. But let us see what are superfluities, what is show, and what constitutes common sense. Nothing that really does our minds and hearts good is a superfluity; we may know it for such when it produces anxiety and vexation of spirit. Show consists in allowing our greatest exertions and expenditures to go out upon mere externals—here, again, we have in consequence solicitude and care. Common sense is the best adaptation of the means within our reach towards furthering our welfare and happiness.

As beautiful surroundings to our houses are sources of elevated enjoyment, they are not superfluous. As they involve but a tithe of our attention and a trifling outlay, nature doing most of the work, creating them is not mere show. As they are within the reach of every one having a square yard of ground, and as their possession will add tenfold to our daily pleasures, it is common sense to cultivate them.

To speak further in favor of the adornment of our gardens, I shall continue to draw arguments from the Divine Word. First of all, in the passage before us, the neglect of grounds is condemned, and the character of its owner sharply defined in no flattering terms; then conversely, their beautifying and their beautifier would be the subject of high praise.

Some of the most beautiful facts and imagery in the Bible, that of the tender favor and watchful care of God, and the glory of Christ's Kingdom, consist in the description of lovely gardens and their sweets. First we are told that, for the happiness of His new creatures, "God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight." There are several allusions to "the garden of the Lord," carrying in them strong intimations of its perfect beauty. In that wonderful wedding-song of Solomon, in which, as many believe, he prefigured the coming prosperity of Christ and His Church, being permitted to see it in vision, a great part of its poetic description is of flowers and gardens. "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley. As the lily among the thorns, so is my love among the daughters." "Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; and the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell." "My beloved is mine and I am his; he feedeth among the lilies." "Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates with pleasant fruits; camphire and spikenard, spikenard with saffron, calamus with cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense, myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices." "Awake, O north wind, and come thou south, blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out." "My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the bed of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies." "I am my beloved's, and he is mine; he feedeth among the lilies."

The coming prosperity of Zion is thus described: "Israel shall blossom and bud, and fill the face of the world with fruit." "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly and rejoice ever with joy and singing." "He shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread and his beauty shall be as the olive-tree and his smell as Lebanon. They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn and grow as the vine; the scent thereof shall be as the wine of

Lebanon." "Their soul shall be a watered garden." "But they shall sit every man under his own vine and fig-tree, and none shall make them afraid."

Christ teaches a wonderful lesson of trust by the flowers: "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field which to-day is and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" And of Himself and His Church, He says: "I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit."

Anything having scriptural commendation cannot have in it any element of extravagance, ostentation or folly, nor can seeking to possess such a thing involve any action causing hesitation, or needing the slightest apology. In the light of all these beautiful descriptions of happiness and prosperity, we need no further proof of its being perfectly right, as well as pleasant, to cultivate lovely gardens.

Everything beautiful, we believe, was created to draw us to God, the source and sum of all beauty. Cannot they, then, be to us visible emblems of the growth of our souls? Till adorned by His grace, these are as bare ground and blank walls, on which the rain beats pitilessly and the sun glares blindly; or as waste land, overrun with sharp, repelling roughness, and stinging, venomous deceitfulness, while its useless safeguards are as none. And our hearts can open to God as we behold the budding of our flowers; reach to Him, as we contemplate the upward impulse of our vines; receive His blessings, as we see our tender plants flourish under the gentle dews; revel in His love, as they are bathed in golden sunshine. And when our hearts are crushed with sorrow, we can learn from our desolated garden, into which the sun has glared hotly, and over which the storm has swept ruthlessly, scorching our delicate buds and trailing our sheltering vines low in the dust, that He can again bless us in our endeavors, and the withered plants can revive and bloom again, and the vines reach upward in renewed beauty.

Elevated will be our common ways when the very ground around our dwellings is beautiful, and rising from it, between us and the world, shutting us in from its pollution, is a cloud of incense. Lovelier will grow the atmosphere in which we live when freighted with the breath of the allyssum and heliotrope that adorn our boards and fill our vases. Home affections will flourish, as the spray of mignonette or of roses accompanies the greetings of the birthday morn. Friendships will be sweetened by the odors of the jessamine and tuberose that pass from fingers to throat and hair, as well as by the kind words that flow from lip to ear. Charity will become strong as life, as the carnation and hyacinth leave us to cheer the drooping heart of the sick, the poor and the lonely. Sympathy will quicken into activity as we lay our buds and lilies on the still, cold forms of the dead. And so will the purifying influence continue, and in consequence of our lovingly cultivating and intelligently enjoying the sweet flowers in our gardens, we shall have precious plants growing up and blossoming in our minds and hearts, flourishing forever in perennial beauty.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

THE fear of God is the greatest treasure of the heart of man; it will be attended with wisdom, justice, peace, joy, refined pleasures, true liberty, sweet plenty and spotless glory.

FROM PIPSEY'S BASKET.

I DIDN'T feel very well this morning, and I said: "I think I will attack the little brown basket today, instead of writing that child-story which we planned yesterday." Both girls thought it would be advisable.

The little basket stands under my desk, and whenever I receive a letter demanding special attention, or worthy of a second or third reading, I put it in there to abide its time. Frequently the lids begin to push up before I attack the contents. That is my picking-up work, the same as our grandmothers used to call their knitting work.

The first letter on top is from a middle-aged woman in the far West. It contains a piece of dress-goods—mohair, I think—of a light gray color, stiff and wiry, and substantial. Hers is a letter of inquiry, prefaced by a very kind apology for taxing my time, and the purport of the missive is, that the goods inclosed is a sample of her daughter's wedding-dress, worn ten years ago. After it was soiled and shabby, it fell into the mother's hands, as of no use, only for a comfortable or for carpet-rags; but she, like all prudent women, hoped to render the old dress into something serviceable, and thinking that Pipsey knew almost everything, she wrote me, asking my opinion about dyeing it.

Now, because other women do find themselves in the same predicament—at least, once in their lives—for their advantage, I will answer this woman publicly. I think it is quite an important theme. No cotton and wool fabric can be made to take a beautiful color, not even black; if silk and wool, it will shrink, and crease, and lose its lustre. All time spent in endeavoring to dye such fabric is a trial to one's patience, and a loss of time and strength. It will dye in streaks and spots, and never be fit to wear. But this heavy, wiry stuff can be made into something useful, provided you are willing to take the time and trouble. It can be bleached out white, by the usual methods, such as soaking in sour milk, scalding in strong suds, scalding with lye; and, lastly, if you do not succeed satisfactorily, by putting it in a warm solution of oxalic acid, say six or eight cents' worth of the acid, dissolved in enough hot water to wet the goods thoroughly, then rinse in clean warm water. This liquid will be as hard on one's hands as moderately strong lye, so a clean stick must be used. Try and manage it without wringing; drain instead, for wringing breaks and creases it. Then, when white, make a skirt out of it, to wear next the dress. Cut bias flounces of the same, bind the edges to give them stiffness, and sew them on, the fullest behind. This will make a pretty skirt, and will give the dress worn over it a graceful, airy "hang." If you bleach it into an *ecru* white, it will look better if the bindings on the flounces are pearl-white alpaca braid, or goods of the same quality and texture. The upper edge of the flounces can be bound, too, if you desire it; and, if the old wedding-dress was made long ago, or the pattern was scant, the upper part of the skirt can be made of another fabric entirely.

The present fashions are so lenient that one can use her own judgment, and not go wide of the mark, no matter what odds and ends she may have to work with, only let her be neat, and skillful, and careful in combining colors that harmonize.

We wonder—the deacon, and the girls, and myself—why women are not wise and sagacious as was the Vicar of Wakefield. When she purchased a new dress she thought only of getting something serviceable, something that could be worn perhaps in another

style of garment. But, nowadays, half the girls buy stiff poplin, or mohair, or light silks, and a pale drab, or slate, or dim gray, or tin color is nearly always selected. When it is soiled or worn, that is the last of it, it cannot be made to live anew in another form. We could learn a lesson from Nature. She is all the time making over, using up, changing, remodeling, slowly, but surely. I love to think about it, and I marvel until my eyes widen and my breath comes thick and fast. In her great laboratory, where she works without resting, all the summers and winters, she busies herself wonderfully. She makes roses out of dead kittens, grapes out of the hair that grandpa buried under the vine, luscious peaches and pears out of the old-fashioned hat that you burned, jelly out of the suds you threw in the garden, sweet pea-blooms out of those worn-out mittens, geraniums out of dish-water, and loathsome slugs and tomato-worms out of the soft and costly ribbons that you used to wear in looping back your bonnie curls. Who but Nature suggested combination suits? To whose economy but hers are we indebted for this wise and pretty fashion? She is never wasteful, never extravagant, and never in a hurry.

Taking the vicar's wife for an example, it is far better economy to buy a really good article of wearing apparel than a poor one. We find an all-wool fabric, double-faced, to be the best investment for dresses—not a dead, no-colored, mousey drab, but one of the deep shades of brown, anywhere, from seal, all the way down through the reddish, wiry tints to the hue of glossy, withered oak or chestnut leaves. They wear so long and well, too; can be turned and made over at least twice, then dyed any of the darker colors, until you culminate in good, honest, respectable, abiding black. And even then, when it grows rusty, it can be made to look quite as well as new by freshening it up with diluted ammonia spirits, or chloroform, and trimming it anew with lustrous, shiny black silk. The contrast renders it really beautiful.

Now, how much better for any girl to get fine all-wool cashmere or merino, instead of this stiff, wiry, glossy material, that fairly bristles, instead of falling into soft, graceful, clinging folds. Cashmere is so cheap, now, that a girl's very wedding-dress, made after the approved style, need not cost more than six dollars, unless she hires it made. Our last dresses, cashmere, all-wool, double-faced, and thirty-eight inches wide, cost only fifty cents a yard, in New York. A single pattern could go as mail matter, too.

For the benefit of the Western woman, whose letter has lain for a month in the little brown basket, I will give our recipe for dyeing a good black, hoping she may avail herself of the information sometime, if not now. For every pound of goods allow one pound of logwood chips, which should soak all night in warm water. Boil them nearly one hour the next morning, and then strain to get all the chips out. In the meantime, take for every pound of goods one ounce of blue vitriol, dissolve it in water enough to wet the goods thoroughly, and let them scald in it about ten minutes, then put the goods and the vitriol into the brass kettle in which is the logwood dye. Have dye enough to cover well without crowding. Simmer over the fire three-quarters of an hour. Frequent airing secures a deep color, and prevents spots. Take out and drain well, and rinse in clear water, and then for a mordant to set the color, use salt and water, salaratus water, a weak solution of sal soda, or three cents' worth of nitrate of silver, in water enough to cover the goods well; or, a mordant of sugar of lead, dissolved in warm water, is just as good. Any of

these will set the color of black, and prevent its rubbing off.

The same woman asks, in a postscript, what she can do with an all-wool empress cloth dress of a faded brown color. I would dye it seal brown, and make it over into a combination dress with brown of another color. That was what my neighbor, Mrs. Bodkin, did. Any woman can dye seal brown. We always have good luck. For ten pounds of goods take three pounds of catechu, and put it in about as much water as will cover the cloth well. Boil until dissolved, then add four ounces of blue vitriol and stir until every particle dissolves. Wet the goods well, and then put them in this dye, and lift, and stir, and turn, and air, until there is no danger of spots, then let them remain in the dye until morning. Drain, and take out.

Then make another dye, by dissolving in hot water four ounces of bichromate of potash, three ounces of copperas and two ounces of extract of logwood in water enough to cover the goods well. Allow the cloth to remain in this dye fifteen or twenty minutes, or until of the desired shade.

If the brown dress to be dyed is a dark color already, it would be well enough to leave out the copperas and logwood, and add them gradually until the required shade is obtained.

This recipe is for ten pounds; yourself or the druggist can weigh out the quantity of dyes necessary for the amount of goods you have. By reference to an encyclopedia you will see that catechu, cutch, japonica and gambir are the same thing. No mordant is required, the vitriol takes the place of it, but it is well enough to add to the clean warm water, in which it is rinsed, a little salt, soda or alum. I always do.

That little brown basket! It is nearly full of letters, and at this slow rate they will never be answered. The girl, whose "hair, eyebrows, eyelashes and complexion are the color of tow," will have to wait her turn. This woman's letter of inquiry was on top, the girl comes next; hoping that the woman and the girl represent two classes of my sex, and that my words may meet real demands, I am very truly and cordially their friend.

PIPSEY POTT.

The Temperance Cause.

THE CHURCH AND TEMPERANCE.

THE changed attitude of the churches towards the cause of temperance is one of the hopeful and encouraging signs of the times. When the great body of clergymen in America come fairly over to this cause, and give it their personal and official influence—working for it and speaking for it in season and out of season—an impetus will be given to the reform movement that must make it irresistible.

Right Rev. Bishop Stevens, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, did a larger service to this cause than he knew, when he presided at a meeting in our city at Association Hall, called to consider the best means of securing the passage of a State local option law. In his opening address he spoke in no spirit of weak conservatism, but in clear and ringing sentences which none could mistake.

"We do not meet," he said, "to discuss questions of personal piety or theology, but as religious men, recognizing that there is no power, moral or political, but of God, we come here to stand together and knit together into one solid and compact form our sense of what society demands for its protection from the inroads of intemperance; what the majesty of the law should do, as God's vicegerent here on earth, to stay the inrushing stream of evil, which now, like a burning stream from a belching volcano, spreads far and wide its desolating fires and incinerating ruin. We have met to discuss a great moral question—a question on which every man, woman and child in this community is deeply, personally interested. Aye, more, in which unborn children, for generations to come, are interested; a question which touches on the very life and honor of our cities and towns, our villages, and our State itself; a question which embraces in its influence our seats of learning, our courts of law, our legislative halls; aye, the very church of the living God."

"There is not a public interest that can affect the public health or property; there is not a private interest that touches personal happiness or comfort that

is not affected, and, to a certain extent, involved in this question. I have said before, and I now repeat, that intemperance, which this local option law is designed to check, is demoralizing the national confidence, polluting our national politics, staining our national honor, filling our almshouses, and reformatories, and jails, and prisons with hordes of criminals, and keeping out thousands and millions from the Kingdom of Heaven."

COFFEE-TAVERNS.

IN London and other large cities what are called coffee-taverns are being established. These are taverns in the ordinary sense of the word, with the single exception that no intoxicating liquors are kept, sold or used on the premises. Instead, there are hot tea and coffee, sandwiches, bread and cheese, with cooked butcher meat, and all the other items which make up a restaurant, on a comparatively humble scale. All that is used is good of its kind; the whole surroundings of the place are cheerful and comfortable. Everything is kept in nice order, so that the new taverns may have a fair chance against what they are intended to supplant. They have all the outward appearance of ordinary taverns—plate-glass, bright gas-jets, a cheerful fire, a hearty welcome, with quiet and peace. People are invited to bring their own food, if they prefer to do so, and that food is cooked at a very low figure, while they can have their cup of coffee for a penny or two-pence, to take along with the meal they have themselves in this way provided. So far as the enterprise has gone in Britain, it has been a great success, and promises to pay financially as well as benevolently. In not one respect is it inferior to the kind of taverns it is intended to supplant. In many the advantage is all on its side. The rooms are as nicely fitted up, as well lighted and warmed, while they are cleaner and more home-like than the generality of such places in taverns, and have a quietness and a decency about them which taverns scarcely ever present. Many are

frequenting these coffee-taverns in preference to those they have been in the habit of patronizing, and are in every way pleased with the change; while beds at a moderate rate, clean and decent, are also being provided for workmen "on the tramp," or for one reason or another away from home.

The Toronto *Globe* speaks of an experiment in that city with a coffee-house plainly fitted up with a bar or public room, billiard-room and reading-room. "To the public room all are welcome to get a cup of coffee, tea, cocoa, or, we believe, milk with sandwiches, buns, etc., at certain low yet remunerative prices. A good plate of warm Irish stew can also be had, and all of a kind and served in a manner which would make them acceptable to people in any rank of life. The other two rooms are open only to members of the club—the entrance fee for which is twenty-five cents, and the monthly subscription the same. For this small sum can be had the free use of these rooms and a share in the various amusements provided. In the reading-room there are newspapers and magazines, with the nucleus of a library, and the only condition for the enjoyment of all is the payment of a small fee, abstinence from all profane language and from the use of all intoxicating liquors. Smoking is not forbidden."

WHAT ALCOHOL IS AND WHAT IT DOES.

ROBERT REID, Esq., of Scotland, in a recent paper upon the "Future Conduct of the Temperance Enterprise," submitted the following propositions, as based upon our present knowledge of alcohol and its doings, and as views of the case upon which the public mind needs to be enlightened:

"That alcohol is the most dangerous and destructive of poisons. That every drop of intoxicating liquor, from the lightest wine to the strongest whisky, contains this evil spirit. That physical, intellectual and moral deterioration is the certain result of its use, and that the injury is always in proportion to the quantity taken. That alcohol, which, in its uncombined state, is repulsive to the natural taste, becomes exquisitely pleasant under cover of deliciously-flavored light wines, and in that combination can be sipped by the tenderest child with positive pleasure. That drinking is educational, the first alcoholic sensation experienced by an infant being the first lesson in a course of training which in the experience of millions has terminated in the drunkard's grave. That the relief from pain so often experienced by the moderate drinker immediately after drinking, is a deception; the alcohol having only rendered him insensible to the existence of the ailment by paralyzing the nervous system. That the excitement resulting from the use of alcohol deludes the drinker into the belief that it is building up his constitution, while it is certainly breaking it down. That health is not only impaired by its moderate use, but life materially shortened. That drinking practices are hereditary, drinking parents transmitting to their children a constitutional tendency to drink, proportionate to the extent to which they themselves indulged. That while parents may die with the reputation of having been temperate livers, the children inheriting the result of the parents' moderate drinking will carry on the work so thoughtlessly begun, and in their turn hand it down to their offspring in a more intensified form. That the hilarity and freedom of speech observable at the dinner-table, after a few glasses of wine have been

drunk, are evidences that the alcohol has reached the brain and tampered with the intellect. That the first effects of alcohol are felt in the higher or controlling portion of the brain, and as we depend on these for the guidance of our conduct, for controlling our impulses and resisting temptation, this unsettling of reason unfitts the drinker for properly discharging the duties of life. That the terms drunkenness and moderate drinking merely designate the beginning and end of the one evil, the line separating them being purely imaginary and undefinable; that intoxication begins with the first glass, and often ends in hopeless imbecility."

WOMEN AND WINE.

UNDER this head, the Philadelphia *Daily Times*, in condemning the custom of offering wine at New Year's receptions, gives a picture of what fair hands may do of evil and debasing work when they offer the tempting cup.

"To those in the least dubious of their own social standing, it is unfashionable *not* to have wine. So white hands will hold out the wine-cup, and sweet smiles will lure young men—perhaps to their ruin. It must be a weak head that cannot stand a few glasses of wine on New Year's day, and if they *do* get drunk, what harm? Society will condone the offense. And sip after sip is taken until after the last fashionable call the callers go reeling to darker orgies in haunts which Fashion does not know, and thence still later to homes which are ashamed of them, to mothers and wives, who, though wrung by heartache, forget that they have themselves contributed to make some one else's sons and husbands even such as they blush for. It is on woman that the heaviest curse of intemperance falls. Even now there are women in this city with shoulders bruised and sore by blows from arms nerved with drink; children hungry and naked because the money which should have bought them food and clothing has gone for drink; while in wealthier homes women who know not hunger nor cold, dread the sound of the latch-key in the door, and children shrink apprehensively from the home-coming footsteps of their father. Yet, as we once heard an Irishwoman say, whose arms were bared to the washtub, exposing bruises left by the blows of a drunken husband, 'He is a good man when the drink is not in him.'

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

TH E National Temperance Society and Publication House, Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, President, publish a sixteen-page monthly paper, devoted to the interests of the Temperance Reform, containing articles from the pens of some of the best writers in America. Price \$1.00 a year.

We earnestly commend this valuable and interesting paper to all who feel an interest in the cause of temperance. As an educator of the people on questions connected with the liquor traffic in all its bearings, it has done and is doing a silent but most important work.

The price of the *Advocate* is so low that almost every one can afford to take a copy, while its value as a means of instruction on all questions connected with temperance issues is beyond estimation. It should be a monthly guest in the homes of all temperance men and women. It will not only help them to guard and save the members of their own house-

holds from the most terrible of all our social dangers, but give them a larger ability to help and save their neighbors.

No man can be a truly efficient worker in any cause unless he be well instructed in all that appertains to that cause. It is knowledge that gives power. So we urge upon temperance men and women to provide themselves with all the attainable means of work; and we know of none that is cheaper or better than that which is here offered. Send, and at once, a dollar to J. N. Stearns, 58 Reade St., New York, for the *National Temperance Advocate*, and secure its monthly visits, and but few numbers will find their way into your home before you will thank us for the suggestion. It will help to make you stronger and more efficient—because more intelligent—as a temperance worker.

WORK OF FRANCIS MURPHY.

THIS ardent and untiring laborer in the temperance field has been at work in Western Massachusetts. In Springfield, the result of ten days' meetings, in which the people were roused to a high degree of enthusiasm, was four thousand five hundred signatures to the pledge. At Chicopee, a large manufacturing locality, two thousand two hundred people signed; at Holyoke, celebrated for its water-power and paper-mills, two thousand signed; at Westfield, one thousand two hundred; Pittsfield, two thousand two hundred; North Adams, two thousand five hundred; Great Barrington, one thousand two hundred. The total result is said to be twenty thousand six hundred and sixty wearers of the "blue ribbon."

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

ONE of the charms of fashionable attire at the present time is its great diversity. Nobody need feel at a loss about the models which they shall select for their garments, when there is something designed to heighten the attractions of all sorts of people in the feminine world.

The "Tailleur," or tailor, is the newest mantle for out-door wear. It is masculine in style of cut, and its only ornamentation consists of several rows of stitching round the edges.

EVENING COSTUMES.—Just at this season there is a great demand for evening costumes, and some of them are too beautiful not to receive attention. A royal robe made for a Washington belle was of delicate moonlight blue silk, shaped princess, front width in tablier form, of white American *gros faille*, embossed or embroidered with tiny rosebuds and leaves. A band of the *faille*, with wreath of wild roses embroidered in same colors as on skirt front, and edged with rich Spanish lace, trimmed neck, bodice and sleeves. The very long trained skirt was decorated with silk plaitings and embroidered bands, while above were draperies of embossed silk, held in place by clusters of artificial flowers to match the embroidered blossoms, the dainty sprays also being used to ornament the coiffure, corsage and sleeves. The spiral robe is a pretty novelty, and may be made of silk or cashmere in any becoming color, trimmed with lace or fringe, placed upon the edge of bias bands. This mode of garniture commences upon the left hip, and is turned round and round the skirt from top to bottom. The corsage is ornamented to match skirt, the neck and waist line being defined by garlands of flowers, which also must adorn the coiffure.

An exquisite evening costume was of *gros faille* and stalactite tissue, in the iridescent hues. The white silk front was an apron in skirt and vest waist; a plaited flounce in shaded silk adorned the lower edge of front width, while the apron was ornamented with draperies to match. Over the back of costume was a mantle or drapery of stalactite fabric, with shaded silk in same tints, as trimming, around the short sleeves. This mantle also fell over the half-short sleeves, enhancing the effect of their *crepe lisse* plaitings. The white lace mittens to be worn with this costume were embroidered in the same colors as dress-trimmings.

MISSES', GIRLS' AND CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.—While the present outer-garments of our fashionable ladies more than usually resemble those of a gentleman, the best authorities and designers of beautiful clothing for children often provide the same models for both young boys and little girls. The materials for these articles, which are appropriate for both sexes, are likely to differ, and if trimmings are used, they are more fancifully arranged upon the girl's dress than upon the boy's apparel, as is very proper. This similarity in the fashions of the clothing of small people is very much admired by all cultivated tastes.

We describe a costume of wide woolen diagonal, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and white pearl buttons. This is a Parisian fancy that is especially appropriate to the costume of a very little dame. The garment has three slightly-curved seams at the back, and the front is a narrow sack which closes its depth with buttons. The back is cut shorter than the front, and is then lengthened to the proper depth by a box-plaited piece that is set on underneath. This short back is slashed, and also left loose at the seams to the depth of the slashes, thus making four square laps. These may be bound, piped or faced and stitched, when the ribbon and buttons are omitted. The collar is short in front, but deep and slashed at the back to correspond with the lower portion. The pretty outside pocket is cut with a lap to fall over it, but if the goods have a wrong side a seam may be taken at the top of the lap to join it to the pocket, so that both parts will show the outside of the goods.

This is a charming style for all sorts of children's dress goods, but especially so for seal-brown, blue, myrtle-green or gray cashmere, to be trimmed with unbleached laces, white braids or white Irish crochet lace. It is designed for both boys and girls who are from two to nine years of age.

One of the newest imported hats has two brims; the lower brim rests on the hair, the other is close to the crown; each has a different edging, so as to allow of both being distinctly visible. This space may be filled with flowers, feathers or ribbons, as the wearer may desire.

Another model has the brim split in the centre; through this slit is passed any wished-for trimmings or ornamentation.

Editor's Department.

Charles I. Insulted.

OUR frontispiece, this month, is a well-executed and artistic engraving, representing a scene in the life of Charles I., King of England, from 1625 to 1649. The story of that unfortunate monarch's life has too often been told to need repetition here. The scene to which the artist introduces us, is one connected with the closing days of his sad career. From the moment in which, in 1647, the Scottish army delivered him up to the English Parliament, till his execution, two years later, the wretched king had little other treatment than that designed to break his spirit, and force him to commit himself by rash and hasty utterances. But, whatever may have been his political errors, Charles was a gentleman, a scholar and a Christian, and submitted to all the insults heaped upon him by his enemies with a patience and resignation which extorted even their admiration.

In order to bring about his death, says Macaulay, they found it "necessary first to break in pieces every part of the machinery of the government; and this necessity was rather agreeable than painful to them. The Commons passed a vote tending to accommodate with the king—the soldiers excluded the majority by force. The Lords unanimously rejected the proposition that the king should be brought to trial—their house was instantly closed. No court, known to the law, would take on itself the office of judging the fountain of justice; a revolutionary tribunal was created. That tribunal pronounced Charles a tyrant, a traitor, a murderer, and a public enemy: and his head was severed from his shoulders before thousands of spectators, in front of the banqueting hall of his own palace," on the 30th of January, 1649.

Charles, we are told, was of a comely presence, and of a sweet but melancholy aspect. His face was regular, handsome and well-complexioned; his body strong, healthy and justly proportioned. He excelled in horsemanship and other manly exercises. The greatest blemish in his character was a want of sincerity. But, says Macaulay, "it would be absurd to deny that he was a man of strict morals in private life." He had exquisite taste in matters of art, and "was as good a writer and speaker as any modern sovereign has been."

The Babies' Home.

IN the January number of the HOME MAGAZINE we referred, somewhat at length, to the Philadelphia Home for Infants. We are pleased to record the continued success of the Institution, under the efficient control of Mrs. Franklin Bacon, and the lady managers, among whom are Miss Price, Mrs. McConnell, Mrs. Mustin and Miss Woolman. These ladies held a Kettle-Drum and Grand Promenade Concert, for the benefit of "The Babies' Home," in St. George's Hall, on the evening of January 24th. The supper-tables, beautifully decorated with flowers, were spread in the rooms on the first floor, and attended by young ladies in gay costumes. In the hall itself a brilliant and lively scene was presented, tables for the sale of fancy articles being disposed along the sides, the floor occupied by promenaders, and the stage by the really talented glee-club and orchestra, composed of students from the University of Pennsylva-

nia, under the leadership of Messrs. Brittin and McConnell. Altogether, it was a highly enjoyable and successful entertainment.

Again we take this opportunity of saying, go and see the Home for yourselves. While we know that you cannot fail to be highly interested, we hope also that you will give your benevolent instincts gratification. It is situate at Forty-fifth and Chestnut Streets, and can be visited on Wednesday afternoons.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton.

A RECENT volume of poetry by Mrs. Moulton receives this high praise from the *London Tattler*:

"We have read Mrs. Moulton's poems with the inevitable result of finding in her well nigh the one absolutely natural singer in an age of 'esthetic' imitation. She gives the effect of the sudden note of the thrush heard through a chorus of mocking-birds and piping bull-finches. And it follows that poems which give this effect must needs contain something of their own not to be found elsewhere. This quality, which divides the humblest poet by a great gulf from the most exalted verse-maker, is to be found to so remarkable an extent in 'Swallow Flights,' that, for this reason alone, the book demands more notice than the most consciously asthetic production. It bears about it every mark of culture; and yet there is no trace in it that it would have been otherwise, even in heart or form, if no master poet had dipped pen in ink since the days of Chaucer."

Publishers' Department.

T. S. ARTHUR'S TEMPERANCE WORKS.

We will send, by mail, any of the following temperance books, by T. S. ARTHUR, on receipt of the price:

Strong Drink; The Curse and the Cure.....	\$2.00
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LIFE OF O. P. MORTON.

The publisher of the *Indianapolis (Ind.) Weekly Journal* has published the life of the late Senator O. P. Morton in a 200-page, 12mo volume, containing a fine steel engraving of the subject. The book and the *Weekly Journal* for one year is furnished for \$1.50. The inducement is great, and the demand has been unprecedented. The publisher is now making the third edition of the book. All subscriptions or applications for agencies should be addressed to E. B. MARTINDALE, Proprietor of the *Journal*, Indianapolis, Ind.

COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT.

The remarkable cures which are being made by this new treatment, continue to attract more and more attention. Acting, as it does, on strictly scientific principles, and in complete harmony with natural laws and forces, it cures, not by a substitution of one disease for another, as when drugs are taken, but by an orderly process of re-vitalization.

It is now over ten years since Dr. Starkey, a physician of good standing, and above the suspicion of deception or empiricism, determined, after a thorough investigation of the claims of Compound Oxygen, and a full trial of its curative nature, to offer it to the sick and suffering who had failed to get relief, though they had "tried many physicians," and, in some cases, "spent all their living," in the hope of cure. From the very beginning, the results of the new treatment were alike surprising to himself and his patients, many of whom have been among the most eminent persons in the country. And now there are hundreds, in all parts of the land, who, like Hon. William D. Kelley, thank him "for renewed health, strength, and the hope of years of comfortable life."

In a late issue of the *Rock Island (Ill.) Daily Argus*, we find this strong and outspoken article from the pen of the editor:

"The Compound Oxygen Treatment is no experiment, neither is it new to our people. It has been used by several of our best families with such marked success, that, when we asked one of our most popular clergymen what he thought of it, he said: 'It saved my daughter's life, when all other things failed to afford her relief.' When asked if he would give his opinion of this treatment, he readily consented, and handed us the following:

"The medicinal qualities of oxygen have long been conceded. Invalids go to Minnesota or Colorado to inhale it in a purer condition and larger quantities.

"One of the latest scientific discoveries in medicine is that by which oxygen can be successfully administered in our homes. We had the pleasure of meeting the intelligent discoverer of this wonderful remedy in his office, in Philadelphia, the other week, and were both surprised and gratified to hear from lips of invalids the wonderful effects of this treatment. The oxygen is taken by inhalation, and chiefly for chronic affections of the blood and nerves. It is a blood purifier and a nerve tonic. Neuralgia and nervous headache readily yield to its influence. It restores the normal action of the great nerve centres, and is, therefore, a cure and not a mere palliative. For professional men and over-worked teachers, it performs miracles. Nothing equals it for paralysis, and in a lingering convalescence from any low or malignant fever it is the safest of tonics.

"It is nature's own blood purifier. The blood blushes into a bright red when it meets the oxygen in the lungs, and gives out, in the form of carbonic acid gas, the impurities which otherwise would poison the circulation—for consumption, therefore, it is the best remedy known. It attacks the disease directly, and if a cure is possible it will effect it. Scrofula, erysipelas and acute rheumatism, and many other diseases are treated by it with uniform success. It has been employed by several of our citizens, who are willing to testify to its entire reliability; and the best of it is, that it is essentially a cure, and not a mere palliative. This is no quack compound, but the simple oxygen of the air, magnetized by having as current of electricity passed through it, and may be

taken under any and all circumstances without possible danger to the invalid."

We have been shown a letter from the wife of the clergyman who, in the above testimonial, says of the Compound Oxygen, "it saved my daughter's life when all other things failed to afford relief," in which, under date of "Rock Island, Jan. 29, 1878," she writes:

"DR. STARKEY: Dear Friend—I must preface my letter with a word which but faintly expresses the gratitude I feel when your name is mentioned. Nellie, our blessed child, remains perfectly well, and is a marvel to all who know her. We can never cease to praise the wonderful Oxygen."

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[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE," by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.



FIGURE No. 1.—LADIES' TOILETTE.—(For Description see Next Page.)

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' TOILETTE.—(For Illustration see Preceding Page.)

FIGURE No. 1.—This elegant costume is composed of two shades and styles of silk, and consists of a demi-trained skirt and a handsome polonaise. The skirt is of the ordinary style, but at the center of the back-breadth two gores united to form a fan are inserted. The pattern to the skirt is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. It is No. 4886, and its price is 35 cents.

The polonaise is very handsomely arranged with a brocaded, diagonal or bias front-drapery, while the rest of the garment is of the dark shade. The vest and cuffs are adjustable and are made of lace, but do not accompany the pattern, which is No. 6143, price 35 cents, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the costume for a lady of medium size, 16½ yards of goods 22 inches wide will be required, the skirt calling for 5½ yards, and the polonaise for 6½ yards of plain and 3½ yards of brocade. In 48-inch-wide goods, 7½ yards will be needed, the skirt requiring 2½ yards, and the polonaise 2½ yards of plain and 1½ yard of brocade.



6141

Right Side View.

4½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 2½ yards 48 inches wide, will be required.



6155

Front View.

6155

Back View.

like it will require a yard of goods 22 inches wide, or ½ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 6144.—A very handsomely outlined model for an over-skirt of any material used for suits, is illustrated by these engravings. It is here made of bourette cloth and trimmed with silk and buttons. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size,



6144

Left Side View.

Price of pattern, 30 cents.



6146

Front view.

6146

Back View.

6149

Front View.

6149

Back View.

LADIES' CUTAWAY COAT, WITH VEST.

No. 6146.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and its price is 30 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, 4 yards of goods 22 inches wide will be required, together with 1½ yard of a darker shade for the vest. In 48-inch-wide goods, the coat will need 2 yards, and the vest ¼ yard.

LADIES' CUTAWAY, ENGLISH COAT.

No. 6149.—Basket, diagonal or plain cloth may be made up by this model. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, 3½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 1½ yard 48 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



6156

Front View.

6156

Back View.

LADIES' DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET.

No. 6156.—This stylish jacket requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, in making it for a lady of medium size. The pattern may be used for cloth of any description, or suit goods, and the coat may be bound or machine-stitched, as a finish. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



6138

Front View.

6138

Back View.

MISSES' SINGLE-BREASTED PALETOT.

No. 6138.—This is one of the prettiest outside-garments of recent issue, and is made of light cloth and neatly finished with machine-stitching. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the garment for a miss of 13 years, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



6140

Front View.

6140

Back View.

MISSES' POLONAISE.

No. 6140.—A novelty in polonaise models is here illustrated. The front has a wrinkled drapery that also continues across the sides, and a long straight back laid in a box-plait, with several side-plaits at each side. The pattern may be used for any material, and is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the polonaise for a miss of 11 years, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



6153

Front View.

6153

Back View.

MISSES' ULSTER, WITH TRIPLE CAPE.

No. 6153.—This pattern may be used for any cloaking material, and is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. The new styles of Oxford plaids make up elegantly by the model, and require no other finish than that illustrated. To make the garment for a miss of 12 years will require $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. The trimmings may consist of braid bindings or pipings of silk or velvet. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



6150



6150

Front View. *Back View.*
GIRLS' CUTAWAY COAT.

No. 6150.—The pattern to this natty little garment is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age. To make the coat for a girl of 5 years, 2 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 1 yard 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



6162

LADIES' WALKING-SKIRT.

No. 6162.—The pattern to this garment is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the skirt for a lady of medium size from any pretty and appropriate suiting, 7½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 3½ yards 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



6145

Front View.

6148

LADIES' "COACHMAN'S" CAPE.

No. 6148.—This cape is similar to the style known as the "Carrick," but is a little deeper. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 20 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, 2½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 1½ yard 48 inches wide, are necessary.



6145

Back View.

LADIES' SHIRRED POLONAISE.

No. 6145.—This very stylish pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size will require 10 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 5 yards 48 inches wide, together with 3½ yards of silk for the revers, sleeves and laps, and 1½ yard of goods 27 inches wide for lining the vest and back. Frequently silk, or goods of a contrasting shade, is chosen for the front or vest portion, and in this event the revers are faced with the goods and piped with the contrasting material. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



6132



6132

*Front View.**Back View.*

CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 6132.—A very charming little costume is here illustrated in lady's cloth. The pattern is in 8 sizes for children from 2 to 9 years of age, and its price is 25 cents. To make the garment from any appropriate material for a child of 6 years, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide, are necessary.



6133

MISSSES' BOX-PLAITED SKIRT.

No. 6133.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and is suitable for any goods used for costumes. To make the

skirt for a miss of 11 years, $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



6131

6131

*Front View.**Back View.*

GIRLS' PRINCESS DRESS, WITH VEST.

No. 6131.—A very charming model for a little dress is here illustrated. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 30 cents. To make the garment in the style represented for a girl of 5 years, will need $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 48 inches wide.



6160

Front View.

6160

Back View.

LADIES' POLONAISE, DRAPED AT THE SIDE.

No. 6160.—The engravings represent a polonoise very handsome to wear over

a skirt of the same material, silk or velvet. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, 9 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

MISSES' COAT, WITH REVERS.

No. 6142.—This handsome coat may be made of light cloth or suit material and trimmed in any pleasing manner. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and its price is 30 cents. To make the garment for a miss of 10 years, $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 48 inches wide, will be required.



6142

Front View.

6134

Front View.

6134

Back View.

6142

Back View.

6143

Front View.

6157

Front View.

6157

Back View.

GIRLS' BLOUSE, WITH YOKE.

No. 6157.—For a girl of 6 years, this blouse requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 20 cents.



6143

Back View.

LADIES' POLONAISE, WITH BIAS-PLAITED FRONT-DRAPERY.

No. 6143.—A handsome model for any material is here illustrated, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. It is trimmed with velvet and braid, and to make it up will require $10\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 48 inches wide, for a lady of medium size. The polonaise may be worn over a skirt of the same or silk, and the pattern to it costs 35 cents. By referring to the ladies' figure on the first page, the same garment may be seen in a combination costume, where the front drapery is made of brocaded silk, and the adjustable vest and cuffs are of lace.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 6136.—This model is made up in cashmere, trimmed with velvet ribbon and buttons. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



6136

Front View.

6158

Front View.

6158

Back View.

6136

Back View.

MISSES' CUTAWAY, ENGLISH COAT.

No. 6158.—A very jaunty street-garment is here illustrated. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make the garment for a miss of 11 years, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide, will be needed.



6141

Front View.

6135

Front View.

6135

Back View.

MISSES' CUTAWAY JACKET.

No. 6135.—This jacket is very stylish to wear over a suit composed of one or two materials. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make the garment for a miss of 13 years, 4 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide, will be needed.



6141

Back View.

LADIES' POLONAISE, WITH CURVED CLOSING.

No. 6141.—This charming model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. It is very stylish in its arrangement and is elegantly fitted by bust darts, side and back seams. If a fuller trimming is preferred, a selection may be made from among fringes, laces or galloons, the method of its application depending upon personal taste. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

FIGURE NO. 3.—GIRLS'
COSTUME

GIRLS' CIRCULAR, WITH POINTED HOOD.
No. 6152.—Wraps of the description illustrated may be made of any material desired. Sometimes a bright lining is added, and the hood is generally lined with silk or with the material. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age, and its price is 25 cents. To make the circular as illustrated for a girl of 6 years, 1½ yard of goods 54 inches wide will be required.

6152
Front View.
Back View.



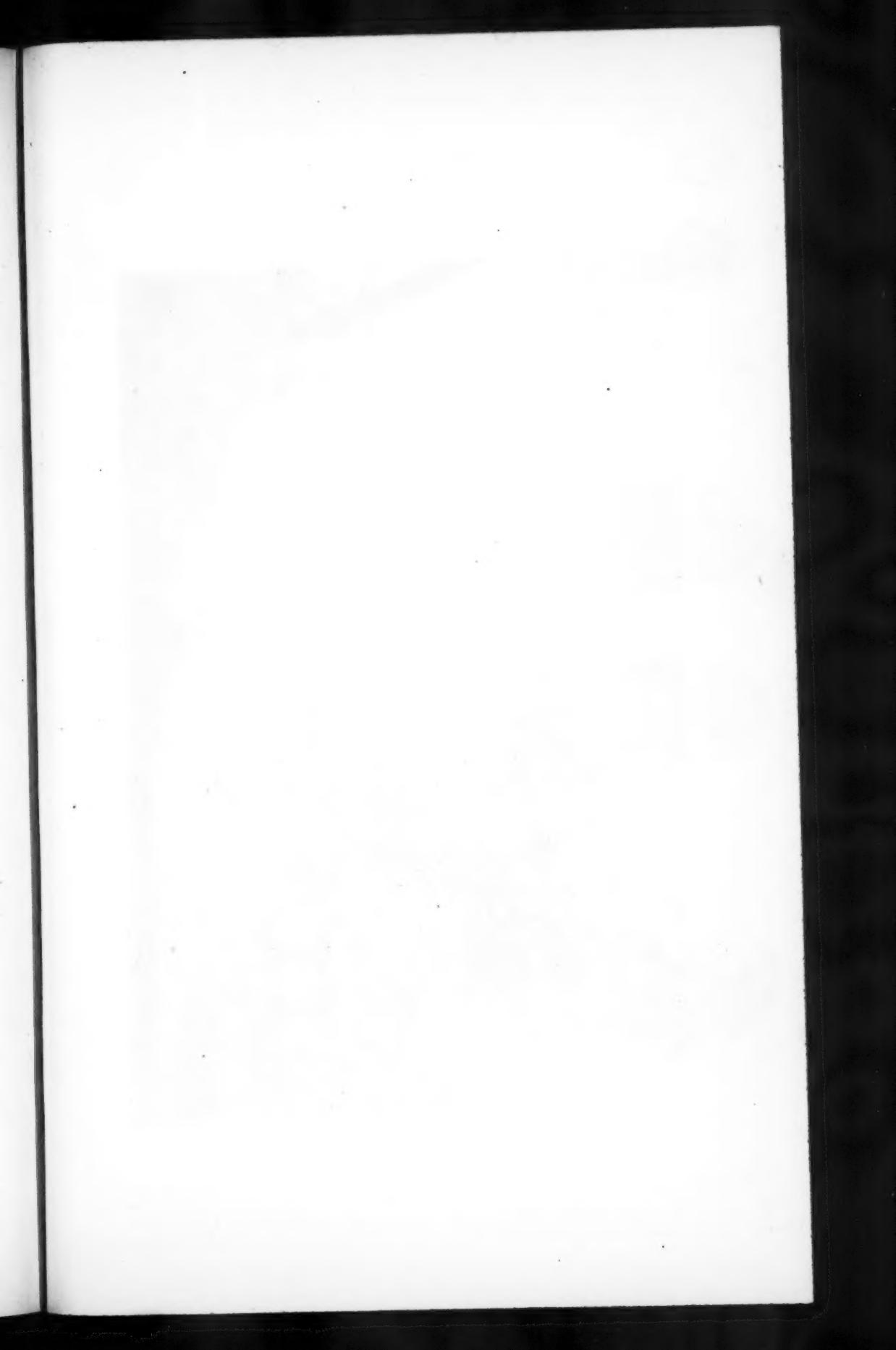
FIGURE NO. 3.—This stylish little suit comprises a Princess dress, being cashmere. The pattern to the dress is No. 6132, and is in 8 sizes for children from 2 to 9 years of age. It is suitable for any material made up into children's costumes and is already a favorite. The front is loose, but the back is neatly shaped in French style and has a short skirt attached to a kilted skirt, while the side-back skirts are apparently tied backward by ribbons that form a bow at the center of the back. Braids and buttons are used as decorations. To make the costume for a child of 6 years, 34 yards of goods 22 inches wide and the coat for 3½ yards. Of 48-inch-wide goods, 4½ yards will be required, the dress calling for 2½ yards and the coat for 1½ yard.

FIGURE NO. 2.—CHILD'S COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 2.—A charming little dress of cashmere is here illustrated. The pattern to the dress is No. 6132, and is in 8 sizes for children from 2 to 9 years of age. It is suitable for any material made up into children's costumes and is already a favorite. The front is loose, but the back is neatly shaped in French style and has a short skirt attached to a kilted skirt, while the side-back skirts are apparently tied backward by ribbons that form a bow at the center of the back. Braids and buttons are used as decorations. To make the costume for a child of 6 years, 34 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 1½ yard 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

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